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JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE
BIGGEST GAME
OF ALL

HAWTHORNE



ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

GREAT SIEGES
OF HISTORY

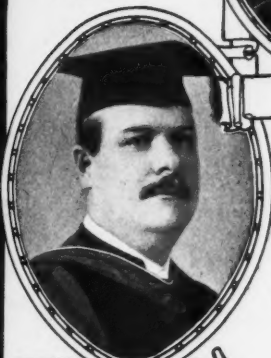
BRADY



MAXIM GORKY

THE FUTURE
OF ROCKEFELLER

LEWIS



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THE
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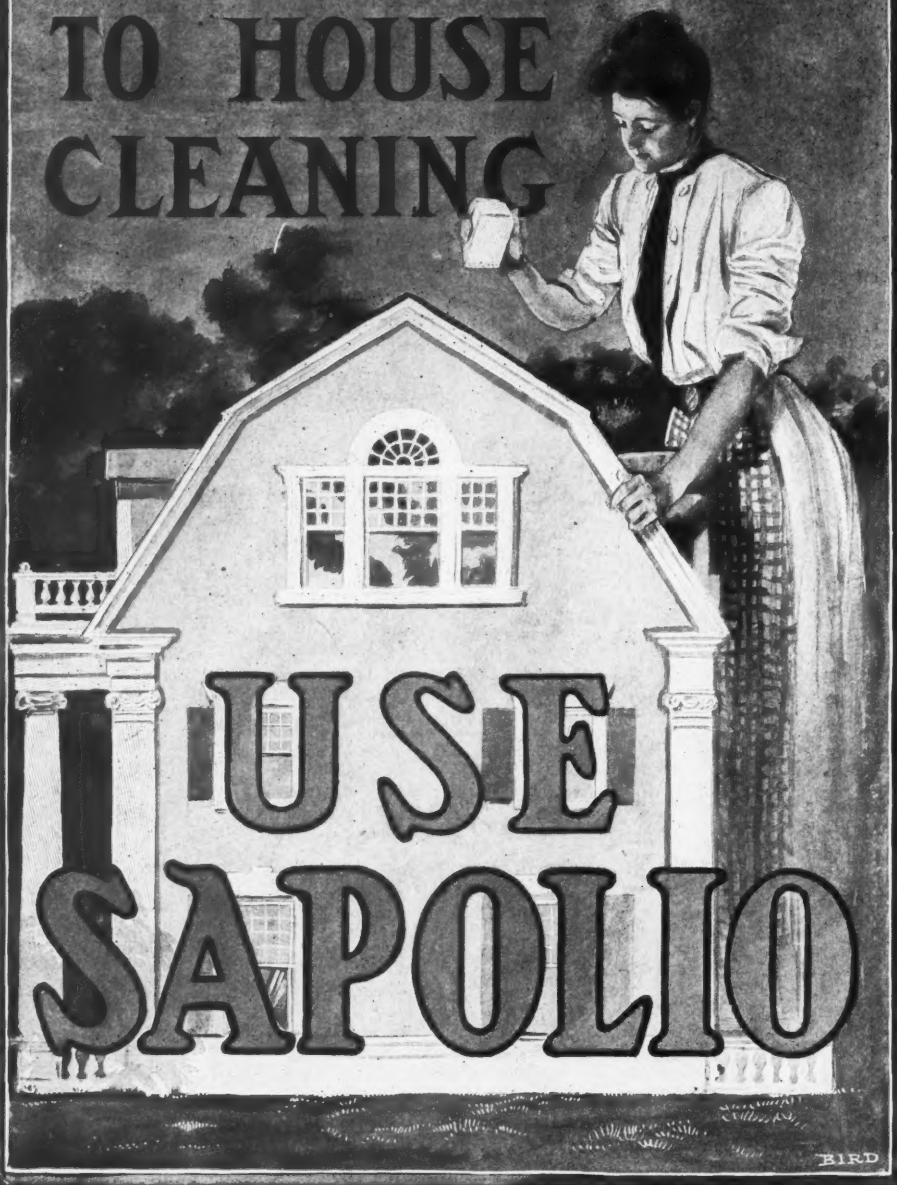
Vol. XXXIX

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No. 3

10 CENTS | MIDSUMMER FICTION

WHEN IT COMES
TO HOUSE
CLEANING



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Drawn by Max F. Klepper

"AND WHAT A MORNING THOSE TWO HAD HAD!"

(See "The Honeymoon," page 304)

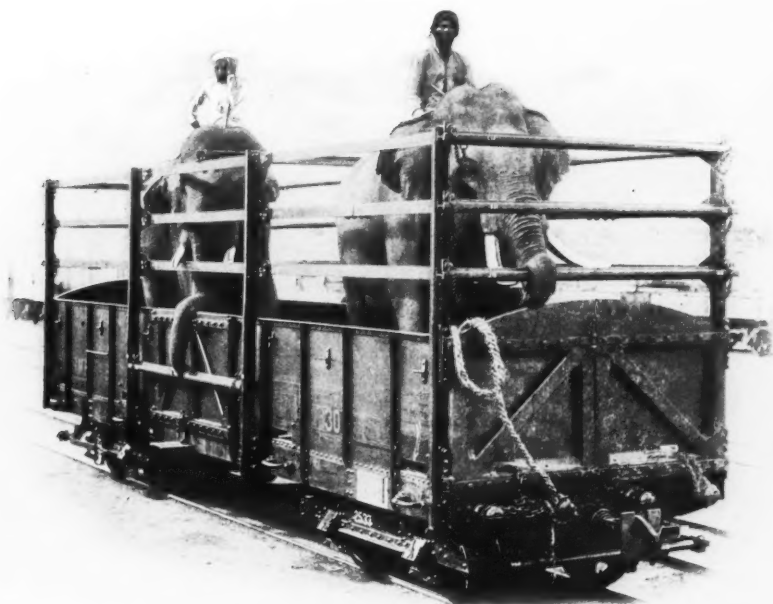
THE COSMOPOLITAN

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs

VOL. XXXIX

JULY, 1905

No. 3



CAPTURED ELEPHANTS BEING TRANSPORTED BY RAILWAY

THE BIGGEST GAME OF ALL

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

WHEN I was in India, some years ago, I met mighty hunters, who had followed big game of all sorts—tigers, lions, the rhinoceros, and lesser monsters of the jungle—but though they had stirring tales to tell of adventures with each and all of these, they generally finished by declaring that the pursuit of the elephant was the mightiest sport of all. It roused emotions and opened the way to perils not otherwise to be experienced; and the stupendous size of the quarry, and the singular conditions under which it is encountered, as well as its extraordinary sagacity, combine to make the adventure the most fascinating of all.

The wild elephant in its native jungle

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must indeed be an appalling spectacle for any one who meets him at a disadvantage. A creature which, at its full stature, stands at twice the height of an average man; which weighs as much as eight thousand pounds; which carries tusks that have been known to weigh more than three hundred and fifty pounds the pair; whose feet measure five feet in circumference; which can shuffle through the forests faster than an athlete can sprint on a cinder-track;

snakelike trunk the enemy who has taken refuge in its branches; which can toss the huge tiger thirty feet in the air, or pin it helpless to the earth by a sidewise lunge of the tusk; which, in the enforced solitude and celibacy of the "rogue" state, grown sullen-mad, lies in wait for the traveler and unprovoked pursues him to the death; whose ears detect the faintest sounds, and whose eyes, relatively small though they be, discern the most cautious move-



ENTRANCE TO STOCKADE. THE DROP-GATE OF IRON BARS CONCEALED BY SHRUBBERY

which makes nothing of traveling twenty, thirty, fifty miles through the intense heats of the tropical jungle merely to enjoy its evening drink; which has been known to swim nine hours in a day; which can throw down large trees by its tusks the boles of those which would otherwise resist its onsets, until they are enough weakened to fall; which will even heap up rocks and boughs at the foot of a tree in order to reach with its

ments; which can be killed only by a bullet or a thrust through the brain—that is no larger than a man's, and can be reached only through the forehead or the temple or behind the ear; which never forgets a friend or forgives an enemy—such a creature as this, did it also possess the nature and instincts of a savage beast of prey, might well have exterminated mankind from the earth which it ranged.

And yet we know that it was hunted and killed, and possibly tamed, by our



HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN THE FOREST AT SUNRISE

ancestors of the stone age, armed only with stone hatchets or with bows and arrows—at an epoch, too, when (as the mammoth) it was vastly larger and presumably fiercer than is our elephant of to-day. And from the earliest historical times, in Asia and in Africa, the two species now extant have been pursued and slain for their ivory, as well as captured for use as beasts of burden, war and pageantry. In captivity, they

could not otherwise have been accomplished. The tales of the Orient are full of instances of their sagacity, gentleness and fidelity, their marvelous memory for favors and injuries, their demure dissimulation, even of what appears to be their sense of humor! Along with the dog and the horse, the elephant has come down through the ages as the friend and helper of man; and in our own time this vast being, though now

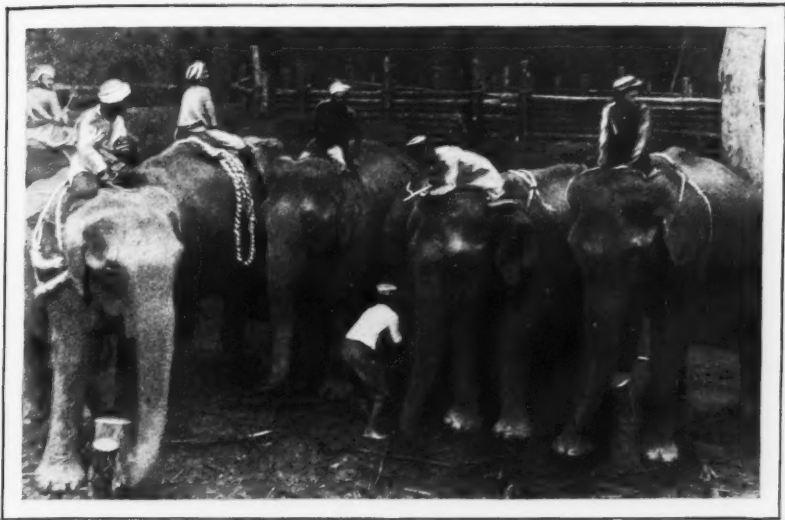


VICTIMS OF THE HOBBLE: THE EXHAUSTED "TUSKER" IN THE FOREGROUND IS SLEEPING

have proved docile and intelligent beyond other animals, and have materially aided, in the countries which they inhabit, the progress of human civilization. That brain of theirs, though packed in a small compass, is so rich in the convolutions which denote intellectual capacity, that it has sometimes seemed almost to approach the human standard. Their gigantic strength to lift, to bear and to draw, has rendered possible engineering operations which

within a measurable distance of extinction, continues to perform important services in India and other parts of the East, and in Occidental menageries is the delight of children and the fortune of exhibitors; while the ivory, now obtained chiefly from the African species, remains unequaled as a medium of art and ornament.

My present concern is with the elephant of India, which is seldom hunted to kill, but for capture alive; and



HOBBLING OPERATIONS IN THE STOCKADE

which in several points differs from its African relative. In size they are nearly alike, some ten to eleven feet to the shoulder; but the tusks of the African are the larger, as well as the ears, which in the Indian are but half the size of the three-foot appendages of the other. The arched forehead of the African contrasts with the concave front of the Indian; and the finger-like lobe at the end of the latter's trunk is readily distinguished from the other's nearly equal prehensile organs. Both are vegetable-feeders, and their general habits are similar in the main.

But the methods of attacking the African are, of course, entirely unlike those used in approaching the Indian; since a single hunter may bring down his quarry with a bullet, while to capture the giant alive, which is the object of the Indian hunt, requires hundreds of men, and a most complicated and long-drawn-out campaign.

The device of the pitfall, which was formerly in vogue, has latterly been given up, on account of the risk of death to the struggling victims in the pit. Elephants are commonly found in large family-parties, comprising one lord and master, and several wives and children

—for this large creature has connubial ideas of an Oriental spaciousness, and his household is always of the harem order. If there be a pretender to his throne, the two must fight it out together, and the best man reigns. The ladies stand by indifferent, knowing that whatever else may happen, they are assured of the husbandship of the most valiant male.

The offspring of these gigantic nuptials come one by one, or occasionally by twins, and with such moderation that, during the sixty years or thereabouts of the fertile period, each wife will only three or four times become a mother. It has been calculated, I believe, that from a single pair of elephants there may descend, in five hundred years, about fifteen million children; but this is only in case every successive marriage takes place without mishap or interruption, which, of course, is very far from being actually the case. At all events, a herd of elephants may number from ten to twenty, all included. Being of a most sociable disposition, they will always be found together, and the first thing to be done is to discover in what spot of the great primeval forests any particular herd is making its abode. This may

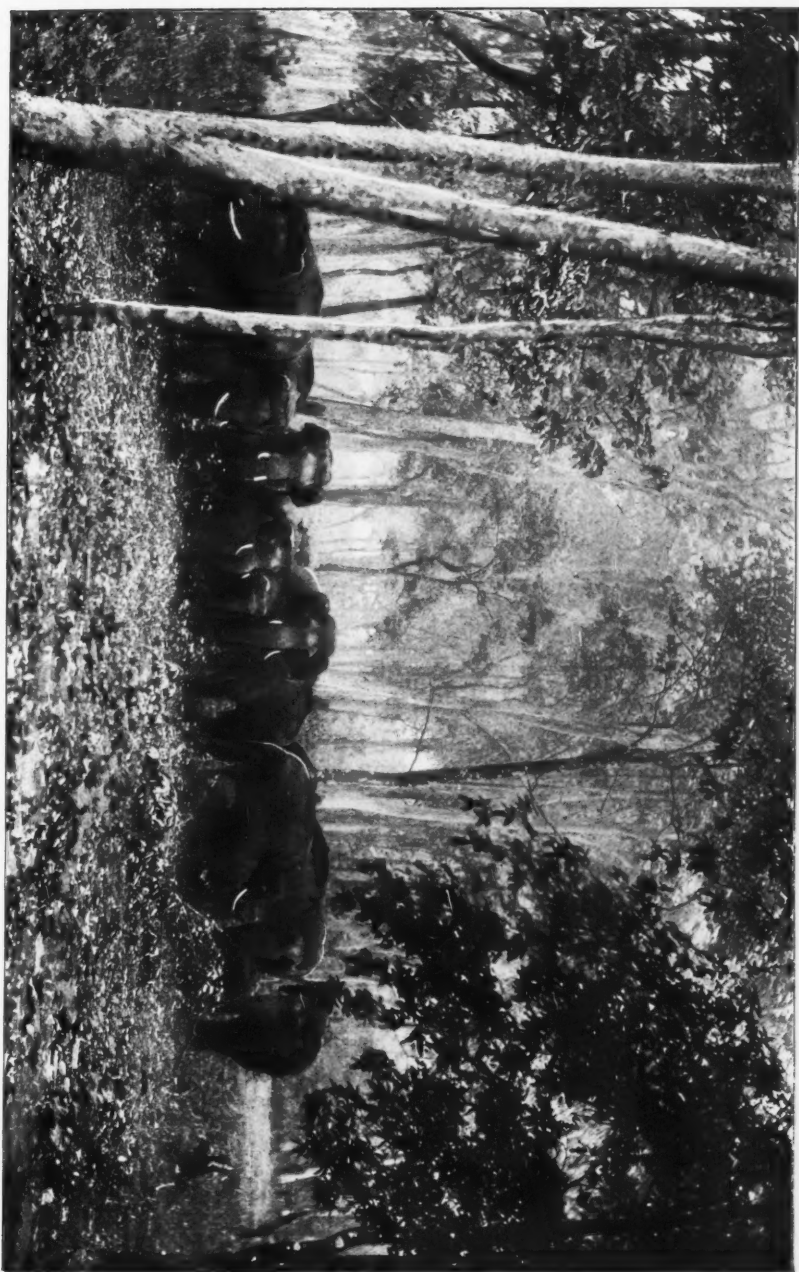


DRAGGING OUT A CAPTIVE TUSKER

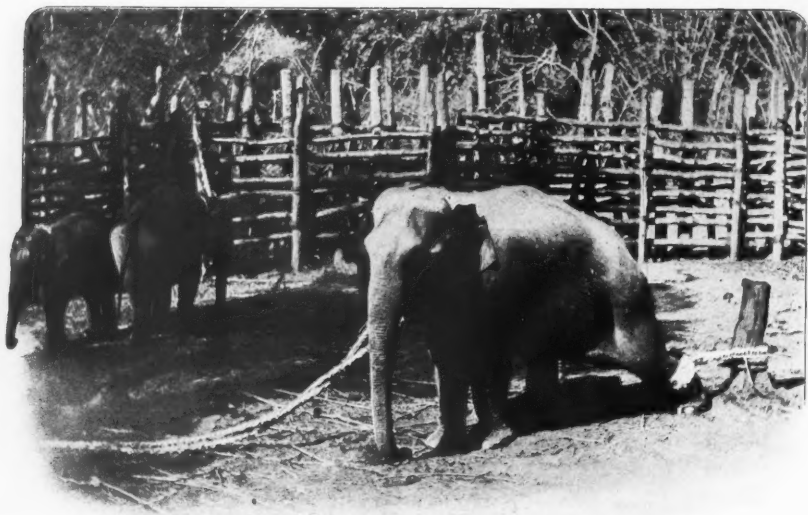
be an area of many miles diameter; be it as large as it may, a circle must be drawn around it by the hunters, who, to the number of three or four hundred or more, disperse themselves at proper intervals, and reenforce themselves with many fires kept burning between. From day to day and from week to week this circle is contracted, its central point being a huge stockade, made of redoubtable stakes or piles driven deep in the ground, and wattled together, and including a space of perhaps a dozen acres. The only entrance into this space is by a gateway provided with a sort of portcullis massively constructed, in these later days of iron bars, generally railroad-rails. This gate is hoisted high on uprights, and veiled by a curtain of bamboo or other suitable shrubbery, until, the last elephant having been induced to pass beneath it, it is let down, and the herd is trapped. All these preliminaries are done by natives, and the white sportsmen do not begin to "take notice" until the merely tedious part of the work is done, and only the exciting finale remains. The stockade has meanwhile been made more formidable by the digging, inside it, of a

deep and wide moat, so that the imprisoned animals are hampered in any efforts they may make to attack it. During the drive, which may occupy weeks or even months, precaution is taken not to excite the animals more than is unavoidable; they are gently and quietly headed off from any direction except that which leads toward the gate, and are kept so far as possible from realizing their predicament until the very latest moment.

Unobtrusively though it be done—just enough and no more—the work requires great skill, judgment and experience. A herd of wild elephants is a tremendous proposition. When first seen in the depths of the jungle, they present an incalculable force, an unestimable danger, an immeasurable problem. If it be the pairing season, when the males are in "must," the risks of the attack are serious. Females with young are also very formidable; and again, should the herd once be thoroughly alarmed, so as to set off on a long run, they will bear down all opposition, and the odds are that all the work will have to be begun anew. But the transmitted wisdom and traditions of centuries have



THE HERD, ALARMED, ON THE ALERT



ELEPHANT IN THE STOCKADE, SECURED AROUND NECK
AND BY HIND LEG

made the native hunters alert and resourceful, and such catastrophes seldom occur. Patience and perseverance are never lacking; and at last the great day comes when the last monster strolls with ponderous tread beneath the portcullis; it falls, and then the trap is sprung!

Now comes the excitement, and, perhaps, the most extraordinary part of the transaction.

Without the aid of tame elephants, little or nothing could be done with the wild captives. In the preliminary work, they are used as decoys, to lure the game in the right direction; and when the keddah—as the enclosure is called—has been filled, they are taken in to complete the capture. For before the captives can be conveyed to the place where they are to be tamed and trained to employment, they must be securely hobbled or noosed; and to effect this is a science in itself, and would seem, to one who has never seen it done, of all enterprises the most hopeless.

As a matter of fact, however, accidents do not often occur. Immense cables are provided, and are carried coiled on

the shoulders or loins of the tame elephants, who enter the keddah with their riders on their necks. The wild elephants never seem to fear or to harbor suspicions of these demure deceivers of their kindred, who are usually females, and doubtless know how to work on the weaknesses of their victims. Moreover, the sufferance which is given to the decoys is extended to their human riders, who enter the enclosure with entire impunity. Presently, as many as fifty natives may thus be seen in the midst of the wild herd, while numbers of their fellows mount the stockade, in order to deter any chance stragglers from charging in that direction, and to distract the attention of others, should it be necessary, from the operations of the men who are engaged in the business of hobbling.

This is done amidst the most absolute silence. While one rider always remains in his seat on the decoy's neck, other lithe figures may be seen gliding daringly between the huge legs and under the bellies of the wild animals, one of which has been maneuvered to stand between two of the decoys. The

whole group of the enormous creatures is massed together, practically quiescent, while the heavy ropes are being made fast to the ponderous limbs, and knotted securely together at the intersections, with a running noose attached to the hind legs, and carried to a substantial tree hard by. Thus they are made fast before and behind; then the decoys are withdrawn, and, the captive finding himself caught, the struggle commences. And truly it is a struggle of Titans. But the issue is a foregone conclusion. Cables

struggles may be renewed a few times, but each is of shorter duration, and with longer intervals between. Finally, subdued by hunger and thirst and the failure of physical energies, they stand helpless, or sink into the sleep of exhaustion. The time has now come to transport them to their destination.

This always involves a long march through the wilderness, since few railroads lie within easy distance of the regions in which elephants are found. The captive, hobbled in such a manner



OLD AND YOUNG CAPTIVES IN THE STOCKADE

have also been slipped over the heads of the animals, and anchored to trees or stumps or harnessed to tame elephants, and there is no chance of successful resistance, though the contest may last for hours. The wild trumpeting of the terrified and maddened creatures torture the air, and their terrific efforts to break loose make the earth shake and the trees sway and creak. But it is the story of Gulliver and the Lilliputs over again; the vast strength yields at last, and the great victim of human wiles sinks to the ground exhausted. The

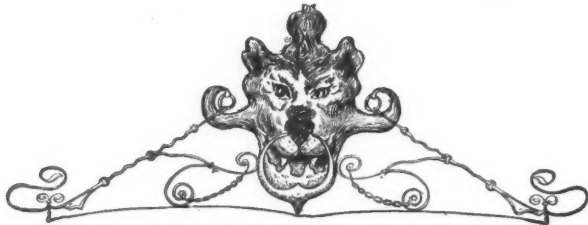
as to allow him to walk, but not to run, is then moored before and behind to two tame elephants by cables twenty or thirty feet in length. During the march, these cables are kept just on the slack, so that they can be tautened instantly at need; and any attempted divagation on the prisoner's part is thus promptly checked. If required, an additional cable can be noosed round the neck, so as to bring a strangle-hold to bear. Thus secured, the jungle is traversed, rivers are forded, and all outbreaks are sternly repressed. By the time the

railroad is reached—if the journey is to be completed by rail—the process of taming has entered its first stage. The railway transportation is usually accomplished in iron cars, as shown in the illustration, long enough to hold two elephants, firmly hobbled, and with riders on their necks. What their thoughts and emotions may be as they find themselves thus whirled across the face of the earth, we may imagine if we can. Gradually they are digesting their great lesson of the supremacy of this unaccountable little whipper-snapper, man!

After their arrival at their destination, several months are needed—more or fewer according to individual character and other circumstances—to complete the taming of the elephants. The tamers are, at first, prepared to enforce the most rigorous treatment; the strong and relentless hand is felt at every symptom of insubordination; but as, by degrees, the pupil learns the futility of resistance, the discipline becomes milder, until finally he finds himself treated with a wise and firm kindness which will be suspended only through fault of his own. The relations between an elephant and his keeper generally become cordial and confidential to a remarkable degree; and even should an elephant happen to escape, and be afterward recaptured, he will, upon the appearance of his old master, at once resume his habits of obedience and tractability. Tame elephants are also uniformly gentle toward children, and they form enduring bonds of friendship with individuals among their own species, and with other animals such as dogs and cats. But upon provocation, they are

liable to passionate outbreaks of rage; and they are vindictive in their enmities. They will often show their ingenuity by inventing instruments with which to scrape or fan themselves; they show wonderful discrimination in their manner of handling different objects, with reference to weight, hardness, sharpness, and other qualities; when injured or ill, they submit with philosophy to medical or surgical treatment; and there seems to be no doubt that, within limitations, they are capable of measuring the passage of time. As has been said, they commonly live to a great age, though they are occasionally liable to sudden death, which the natives attribute to heart-break.

They require constant care in captivity, and an elephant will eat nearly half a ton of fodder in four-and-twenty hours. But though the proverbial white elephant may be something of a burden on its owner's hands, in general these sensible and patient creatures, in the countries where they are employed, far more than repay the cost of their keep. In Africa, seventy-five thousand elephants are killed every year; there is nothing approaching this rate of mortality in India; and laws have been agreed upon by nations owning territory in Africa where the elephant is hunted, establishing a close season for females, and fixing an export duty on ivory. Nevertheless, this mighty relic of a former epoch is probably slowly dying out, in accordance with some natural law which we are unable to control or comprehend; and our not very remote posterity will doubtless read with wonder and regret our hunters' tales of their pursuit of the biggest game of all.





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"So near to the simple life of the sea"

HUMAN NEED OF CONEY ISLAND

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

TO call Coney Island one of the wonders of the world is not for me. I think it has been already said. When Assistant District Attorney Rand, in a recent case, said and said again, with a certain childlike melodramatic effect, "I wonder! I wonder!" I am sure that he was thinking of Coney Island. One of the wonders of the world! One! Why, surely, Coney is all the wonders of the world in one pyrotechnic masterpiece of coruscating concentration. I write—or try to write—in this style on purpose—for am I not writing of Coney

Island?—and it was not till I went down to Coney Island, on a brief duck-shooting expedition, that I realized why the word "pyrotechnic" had been invented. I had often fondled the word in dictionaries, or on those circus-posters which, to my mind, are the masterpieces of a certain kind of literary style, but I had never hoped to meet with anything equal to the word. One so seldom meets with anything equal to a word. A word like "pyrotechnic" is like the name of some beautiful woman whom we never expect to meet except in dreams. But



interesting, such as, say, the Human Pin-Cushion, the Balloon-Headed Baby or the Six-Tailed Bull-Terrier, and there is no limit to its gaping astonishment. Forlorn horrors of abortion, animals tortured into talent, or feats of fantastic daring, these win the respect and thrill the exorbitant imagination of man. Nothing pleases him better than to see some skilled human being, with ghastly courage, risking a horrible death for the sake of his entertainment. Death, or at least the fear of it, as always, still holds a foremost place in popular amusements; though we are, I suppose, a little less cruel than they were in ancient Rome.

But I must not write as though I felt

SLIDING DOWN THE HELTER-SKELTER

at last I have met my beautiful lady-love Pyrotechnic—in Coney Island. Her sister, too—whose name is "Coruscating." Arm in arm with Pyrotechnic and Coruscating, you and I, if you have a mind, may see all the wonders of the world in this million-faceted false diamond known as Coney Island.

All the wonders, I say, and I use the plural advisedly; for, have you noticed how men and women flock to wonders—but how little they know, or care, of Wonder? That, of all things, most struck me in Coney Island—man's voracity for wonders, and his ignorance of Wonder.

Mankind will not give a second look at the rising moon, but present it with some disagreeable monstrosity, something that nature ought never to have allowed, something also essentially un-

superior to Coney Island. Indeed not. The human appetite for fairs has been implanted in my bosom also, and Coney, of course, is just the village fair in excelsis, catering to the undying demand for green spectacles and gilded gingerbread and quaint absurdities of amusement, and, generally speaking, man's desperate need of entertainment, and his pathetic incapacity for entertaining himself. Really, it is strange, when you think of it, that in a world with so many interesting things to do, so many, so to say, ready-made fascinations and marvels—that man should find it necessary to loop-the-loop for distraction, or ride wooden horses to the sound of savage music, or ascend a circle in the air in lighted carriages slung on a revolving wheel, or hurl itself with splashing laughter down chutes into the sea. When

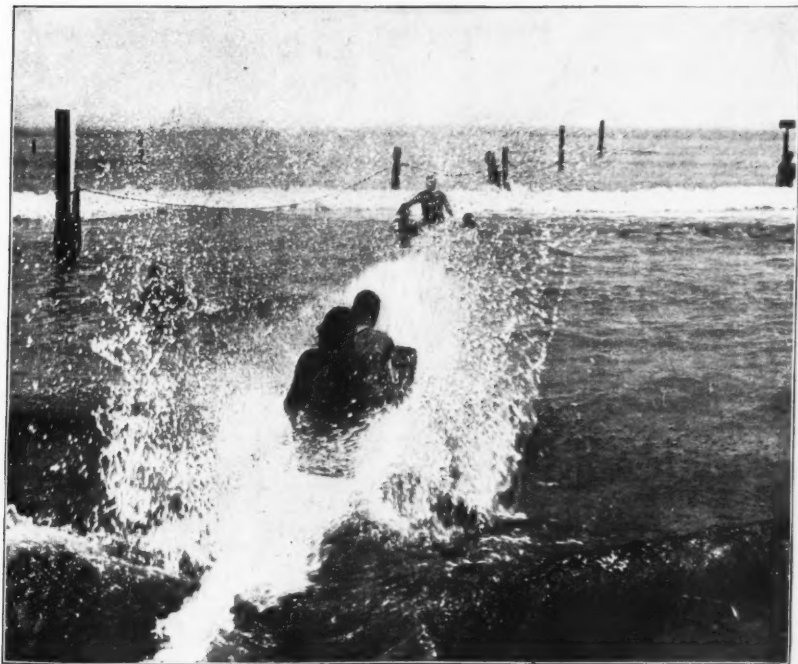
one might be reading Plato—ever so much more amusing.

And yet so man has been made, and there come moments when it is necessary for him to shy sticks at a mark in the hope of winning a cigar or a coconut, or divert himself with the antics of cynical mountebanks, or look at animals in cages, menagerie marvels which are interesting chiefly from being caged, or gaze upon gymnasts and athletes performing feats of skill and strength which would be really astonishing if they were not the tricks of so old a trade, professional astonishments handed down, like the craft of shoemaking, from immemorial time. There is nothing especially marvelous about snake-charming. It is a business, like any other; and to swallow knives, or "eat-'em-alive," for a living is, no doubt, hard work, yet what modes of working for a living are not? Sword-swallowing is scarcely so arduous as bricklaying, and, though one is as

essentially interesting as the other, the humble bricklayer draws but small audiences for his exhibitions of skill.

But, as I said, man has been made with an appetite for eccentricities of diversion rather than the love of more normal pleasures. Personally, I am the last to blame him, and he who can look upon a merry-go-round without longing to ride the wooden horse once more before he dies, for all the maturity of his middle age, can hardly be a human being.

I said that I went down to Coney on a duck-shooting expedition. I should, of course, have explained that it was a tin-duck-shooting expedition, and even when I say that, you will hardly understand if you have not fallen under the strange spell of that perpetual progression of tin ducks which invites the tin sportsman hard by the Dreamland gates of Coney Island. If you haven't shot at those tin ducks, or if you disdain



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THE WATER-TOBOGGAN

to shoot at them, you may as well not visit Coney Island. The Congressional Library you might find congenial, or you might go on a pious pilgrimage to Grant's Tomb, but I fear you will never understand Coney Island. Besides, Coney Island might misunderstand you, and to be misunderstood in Coney Island is no laughing matter—for to misunderstand you is one of the many serious interests of that "happy isle set in the silver sea."

Tin ducks remind me of tin-types. If you are not a friend of the Gipsy photographer, the Daguerre of the highways and byways, in the little tents pitched by the roadside, the only photographer that never calls himself an artist, but, nine times out of ten, gives you the best picture you ever had—again, don't go to



A PYRAMID ON THE BEACH

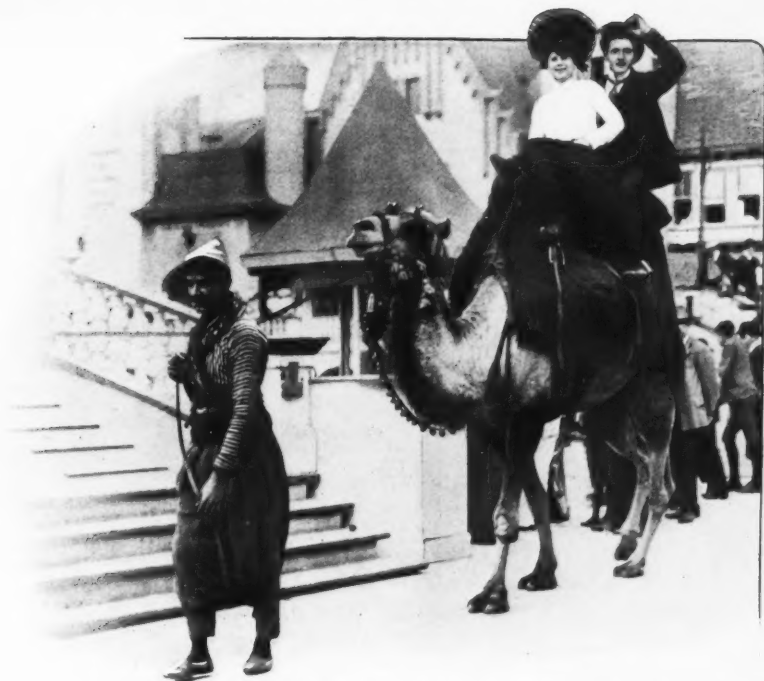
Coney Island. My friend Pyrotechnic and I, being simple souls, bathing in all the pristine hallucinations of the place, sat together hand in hand with a heavenly expression under a very real electric light, and a moment after saw our faces fried over a little stove, another moment we were in gilt frames, another moment we were out again on the Broadway, with our eyes on Dreamland—but just as we were about to enter, a stout old crone of the American-Italian species beckoned us into her enchanted cave, and proposed to tell our fortunes.

Again, if you are too superior to have your fortune told by some peasant woman who knows nothing about it, and knows

that you know that she doesn't—don't go to Coney Island.



THE STEEPLE-CHASE



AN IDEA OF THE ORIENT OBTAINED AT CONEY ISLAND

The great charm of Coney is just there. It not only knows itself a fake, but, so to speak, it makes so little bones about the matter. It knows that you know, and it expects you to pretend to be taken in, as it pretends to think that it is taking you in. And yet, as Mr. Rand would say, "I wonder." I wonder if, perhaps, Coney Island, like all similar institutions in all times and in all lands, does not regard the public as a big baby in need of a noisy, electric-lighted rattle.

Or, on the other hand, do the magicians of "Dreamland" and "Luna Park" persuade themselves that their domes and minarets of fairy fire are really anything more than, so to speak, shareholders lit by electric light, the capitalistic torches of modern Neroism? Do they really think that "Dreamland" is dreamland, or that any one but a lunatic would look for the moon in "Luna Park"?

Yet, after all, whatever the mind and meaning of this strange congregation of

showmen may be, whether they merely cater in cynical fashion to the paying needs of a contemptible uncomprehended multitude, or whether they gratify their own pyrotechnic and coruscating tastes, this much is true: that Coney Island, more than any other showman in the world, has heard and answered man's cry for the Furies of Light and Noise. Whatever else the speculators back of Coney Island don't know, they understand the—Zulu. Coney Island is the Tom-Tom of America. Every nation has, and needs—and loves—its Tom-Tom. It has its needs of orgiastic escape from respectability—that is, from the world of What-we-have-to-do into the world of What-we-would-like-to-do, from the world of duty that endureth forever into the world of joy that is graciously permitted for a moment. Some escape by one way and some by another—some by the ivory gate, and some by the gate of horn—or gold. The thing is to escape.



STARTING FOR A JINRIKISHA RIDE

It is of no use to criticize humanity. Like all creations, it—survives its critics. The only interesting thing is to try to understand it, or, at least, appreciate. Perhaps Coney Island is the most human thing that God ever made, or permitted the devil to make.

Of course, the real reason of its existence in our day has nothing to do with its modern appliances, electric and otherwise. The real reason is that it is as old as the hills. Nothing younger than the hills is alive to-day. The flowers look younger—on account



RESTING BETWEEN DIPS IN THE SURF

of their complexions—but perhaps they are even older than the hills. Coney Island is so alive with light and noise every night because it is so old-established an institution. Man needs Coney Island to-day, because he has always needed Coney Island. A scholar I knew once told me the name of Coney Island in Babylon; but he died recently, and I know no one else to ask.

rich seeking pleasures so very different—or even the refined gentlemen who write books and paint pictures and criticize them?

No, Coney Island exists, and will go on existing, because into all men, gentle and simple, poor and rich—including women—by some mysterious corybantic instinct in their blood, has been born a tragic need of coarse excitement, a



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RESUSCITATING A BATHER OVERCOME IN THE SURF

I wish that I could remember the name, but never mind—of course, it was not the name of the place where the most fine and subtle and distinguished fugitives from humdrum Babylon made their refuge—and yet I am not so sure that it was not, for, after all, if a place like Coney Island is a Palace of Poor Pleasures for Poor Men, do we find the

craving to be taken in by some illusion however palpable.

So, following the example of those old nations, whose place she has so vigorously taken, America has builded for herself a Palace of Illusion, and filled it with every species of talented attractive monster, every misbegotten fancy of the frenzied nerves, every fantastic



PICNIC-GIRLS AT BRIGHTON BEACH

marvel of the moonstruck brain—and she has called it Coney Island. Ironical name—a place lonely with rabbits, a spit of sandy beach so near to the simple life of the sea, and watched over by the summer night; strange Isle of Monsters, Preposterous Palace of Illusion, gigantic Parody of Pleasure—Coney Island.



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THE WORLD-FAMED QUARRIES OF CARRARA

By G. P. BLACKISTON

THE visitor to Carrara leaves the main line and the shining shores of the Ligurian Gulf at Avenza, and takes the short branch-railway along the route by which for many centuries the great blocks of marble have been brought to the sea. The town lies at the end of a three-mile ride, a busy center into which the traveler turns, after leaving the station, through a broad avenue of

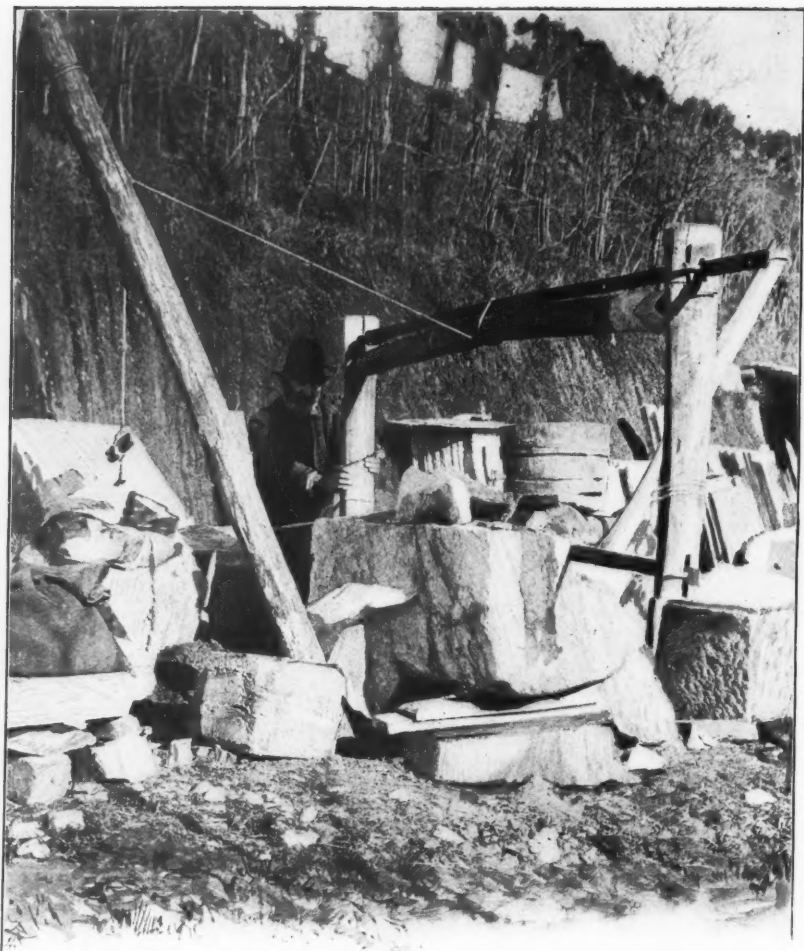
plane-trees. Before him rise the barren, rocky cliffs of the quarries, towering to some six thousand feet—a rugged aspect which contrasts strangely and somewhat harshly with the lateral hills, whose fertile slopes are covered with olive-groves and green vineyards.

If his vision is not promptly impaired by floating particles of marble-dust, the stranger has no difficulty in realizing



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HAULING ROUGH-HEWN BLOCKS FROM QUARRY TO SAWMILL



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 SAWING MARBLE SLABS BY HAND AT A RATE OF ABOUT FOUR INCHES
 PER DAY

the chief industry of the town. He sees marble houses, with marble steps, marble floors, posts, chairs and tables. There is a profusion of marble statues and monuments in the streets whose marble sidewalks he treads. It will not be long before he finds out that most of the fifteen thousand inhabitants gain their livelihood through marble, whether in the studios of famous sculptors, some of whom one is always sure to find at

Carrara, or in the humbler service of the quarries, of which there are over five hundred in the vicinity.

Far back in the days of Rome's glory, these hills were stripped for the adornment of the great cities of the republic. "Marmor Lunense," the Romans called the dazzling white building-material, because it was shipped from the Etruscan seaport of Luna, which the Saracens destroyed in one of their periodic raids

early in the eleventh century. But long before this disaster, marmor Lunense had been quite forgotten. In the social disorder prevalent in Italy during the early middle ages, the classic knowledge of architecture and sculpture was lost; medieval Italian art dawned when the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the remarkable cultural efflorescence known as the Italian Renaissance, and the industry has since grown steadily, until in 1900 some two hundred thousand tons were exported from Carrara alone.



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SLABS OF MARBLE ON THE WAY TO THE STATION

Pisans laid the foundations of their cathedral after the naval victory off Palermo, in 1063. The demand for Carrara marble was now re-created, and continued when Pistoja, Lucca and the neighboring towns began their splendid era of church-building.

The next impulse was received during

Great as is the volume of trade, the method of taking out the marble is most crude and primitive. The workers look wretched indeed as they make the long climb in the early morning to their respective quarries. Once there, they pick up their dilapidated drills and begin boring into the white strata before them.

When a small hole has been made, a quantity of nitric acid is poured in, which enlarges the opening and makes room for a stick of powder. When all is ready, three blasts of the bugle ring out down the slopes and the workers below make for safety. The results of the explosion are most carefully noted, for often it requires several charges to free a large mass of marble. Even when it has been broken from its tight hold, it sometimes bounds forward over the narrow ledge and down through many quarries, crushing out life and leaving a wide path of destruction. This, together with the thousand small fragments that fly in every direction, readily explains why five hundred thousand tons of marble are quarried every year in order to obtain the regular annual output of two hundred thousand. During all the ages, they have never reduced the high percentage of loss or attempted to introduce more scientific quarrying, for Nature has been overlavish in this spot and the supply has never shown the least signs of exhaustion.

Those blocks which are of sufficient size, and which have not been blown to regions unknown, are now roughly squared by hammer and chisel. Then, with the aid of cables and a small wooden sledge upon which the block is placed, it is lowered down the mountain-side to a point where the long train of oxen awaits its arrival. The sledge sometimes runs over greased wooden tracks.

The objective point is the sawmill, which is reached by ox-train or by a narrow-gage railway. This latter, the *ferrovia marmifera*, the Carrarans call

it, has several branches into the lateral valleys, but most of the quarries are dependent for transportation to the lower levels upon a four-wheeled cart, drawn by twelve to twenty-four oxen. Thus the block reaches the sawmills at the foot of the mountain, where it is either sawed into slabs or taken in a semirough condition to Leghorn or Genoa, and there loaded for shipment to all parts of the globe. A great deal comes to this country, for even the best of our Vermont quarries have never yielded anything so suited for sculpture and other artistic purposes as the shining output of the Ligurian hills. The sawmills are as antiquated as the mining-tools. The saw itself is a heavy blade of steel about five inches wide, secured in a buck-saw frame, and operated by one or two men. A small stream of sand and water is so arranged as to flow continually down into the saw-path, thus performing lubrication and aiding the cutting. Four inches a day is the average progress, and the cutter receives for this hard, tedious labor the equivalent of thirty-five cents in American money, which is a larger amount than the miner or quarryman receives.

Something that long remains in the memory of the occasional tourist that visits this region is the most profane language and harsh treatment of his beasts by the brutal ox-driver. From the moment he arises in the morning until he closes his eyes at night, it is one continuation of the most cruel acts that mortal can imagine. It is no wonder that the poor overtaxed oxen never live over three years.

RIDICULE

By S. E. KISER

A MAN of talent, through his fear
Of ridicule, may fail to do
That which would win him honor here
And lessen people's burdens, too.
Because he scoffs at ridicule,
A genius may give up his days
To doing things none but a fool
Would think deserved the public's praise.



THE RIDE OF WASTER CAVENDISH

By W. A. FRASER

JACK CAVENDISH was a really Cavendish. This in England stands for something; a really Cavendish is a Brahman of the social caste. But in the valley of the Saskatchewan, in the great northland, all this stood for nothing; Hogan or Montmorency were at sixes as regards primogeniture label—the man was the thing.

Cavendish had lived in the teepees of the Crees and half-breeds; and had shoveled the gravel bars of the Saskatchewan River for flour-gold, homing in a hole in a clay bank. Half-yearly some sovereigns came from England to the Hudson Bay Company's fort, at Edmonton, to the credit of this socially elided one. The gold created a ripple in the stream of Jack's life that filled the old clapboarded hotel at Edmonton with noise of carouse while the Englishman sifted in his remittance. When the money was gone, Jack would mount Montana Gold, a chestnut mare of lineage, and ride back to Wenotah the Cree.

"Waster" Cavendish they called him because of these things; and he slumbered morally, until Louis Reil raised the flag of rebellion, and the half-breeds and Indians snapped and snarled like wolves at the British overlord. Then Waster woke up—the sluggish Cavendish blood ran hot and strong.

It was Wenotah who told him that Yellow Bear and his Indians had mas-

sacred the whites at Frog Lake; and the next day would surprise Fort Andrew and kill the small force of redcoats.

"Wenotah," said Cavendish; "the gray-eyed people—who are my people—need me; I go to them. You, who are a Cree, do you choose the Cree trail?"

"Yes, Ogama. My people are my people; we hate the whites."

He took his rifle and a blanket; put in the Cree woman's hand a bottle of gold-dust, and an order on the factor at Edmonton for his first remittance, and said, "Good-by, Wenotah; all that is left is yours—the teepee, all." Then he swung to the back of Montana Gold, and the Cree woman, crouching in the slitted door of the teepee, watched him ride out of her life over the trail that led to Fort Andrew, with his warning of the advent of Yellow Bear.

All night Waster rode, and the red tide, the blood-thirst Crees, had not swept up to the stockaded wall of Fort Andrew when the tired mare loped to the square by the Hudson's Bay Company's store.

Major Woodcote, the superintendent of police, knew nothing of the Frog Lake disaster; he simply knew that the wires had been cut. He discredited Waster Cavendish's tale until ten o'clock. At that hour a police constable, as he dipped a pail in the brown waters of the Saskatchewan, dove into the river, a 45-90 Winchester bullet plowing down his

spine and cutting a pulpy canal beneath the skin. A puff of blue smoke, hanging like a gentle bit of lacework over a clump of wolf-willow on the opposite bank, was a convincing attestation of Waster's unbelieved message, and the subtle malignity that had come to hover over Fort Andrew.

The rebels had struck at the vital part first—the water; no man could go down that bare clay bank, a hundred feet from rim to river edge, and hope to return alive. No rebels had appeared on the fort side of the river as yet; and the major decided that he must send a message to Fort Carford before his communication was cut.

That night two constables rode forth; the log gate swung to behind them, as, their horses' hoofs muffled in bags, they melted silently into the night gloom. The dwellers in the fort strained their eyes and strained their ears till the murmur of their own hearts grew articulate; the minutes went by, and the black pall that was over the face of the valley held nothing but the weird cry of a loon, as, unseen, the harsh-voiced diver passed up the river.

"Thank God! the boys have got through," the major whispered, hoarsely. "I was afraid. This Yellow Bear is a bloodthirsty brute. My God! there they go!"

Over on the trail there was an eruption of noises as though lost souls issued from the doors of hell. Rifles crackled; there was the deeper bellow of shotguns; and the Cree battle-cry, caught up from point to point till it rang in a circle the full sweep of the compass. The watchers could see the red, serpent-like tongues of fire, vermillion letters of alarm on the black background of night.

In the morning, the two dead constables were brought out into the open, and then their hearts were stuck upon stakes, that the garrison might know of the method of Yellow Bear.

The rebels' ambush had been betrayed; and now the prairie, beaten by the moccasined feet of blooded Crees, who slipped stealthily from poplar bluff to poplar bluff, and the green ribbon of spruce and tamarack, through which

the gleam of Little Otter wove like a silver thread, held camp-fires that sent many shafts of purple smoke skyward. These seemed like monuments of constancy; they were shadows of evil against the blue heaven, writing the somber message that until the fort yielded the fires would burn.

Twice in the night, Yellow Bear's Indians wriggled, belly to earth, to the very wall of the fort. Each time the rebels were beaten off, with gifts of death handed out to them. And because of this, Yellow Bear's wolves said, in wisdom, "The throats of the gray-eyed thieves, who are white men, will close up, and they will die, if we keep the river."

On the fourth course of the sun, there fell upon the shingled roofs of the post a sputtering rain of fire-arrows—air-serpents, clothed in oakum that blazed with a resinous flame.

"The redcoats are cowards, they are dog-hearted," said the chief; "send them a wampum tied to an arrow—a wampum to come forth; then we will not kill——"

"Not kill the Company man," Duplisse, his lieutenant, added.

So the shaft of an arrow carried a message of literary kinship to the episode of the staked hearts, as barbarously malignant. Strange to say, the arrow clove, in influence, between two factions; it rested in the rift that was between the factor's authority and the major's.

Factor McNeil existed that the Hudson's Bay Company might acquire fine furs cheaply; and the rebel chief had promised to respect the Company's pelts—he would only take the provisions—if the police-soldiers would surrender. So the factor was for giving in.

With the major the British flag was trumps; and he said, to the factor's face, "Damn your furs! we're here, and here we stay."

"And here ye'll dee—yon deevils'll burn ye oot," retorted McNeil. "Send for relief to Fort Carford."

For answer, Major Woodcote said, "Send one of your own men, factor."

"I'll no' do that—we're no' in the war business. Yon's your bit task, Major."



Drawn by George Gibbs

"Her stride carried Cavendish into the wind, until it was like a brush against his face"

He marched out of the police barracks; but in ten minutes returned, saying, "Waster Cavendish says he can get through the rebel lines, Major."

"If he thinks that, we'll call him 'Mr.' Cavendish; ask him to come in. What's your plan, Mr. Cavendish?" the major asked, as Waster saluted.

"I want four horses, sir; and a service revolver in exchange for my Winchester."

"You've got one," the major clicked, nodding toward Waster's belt.

"I want two, sir. I'll have to ride like bally hell, and can't carry a rifle. I'm going to play breed—juice my skin—it's pretty dark now—it won't need much. I'll slip up the coulée from the fort with the horses, riding my own mare, and I want your men to cut loose with their carbines—sound the alarm, shout that the horses are stolen, and generally convey the impression that a breed has looted the broncos. There's a bit of a moon to-night, and they'll see one man riding into their lines with horses; they won't shoot. There are breeds from all over the country out there—they'll think I'm one of themselves. While they're busy with the broncos, I'll make a break on Montana Gold. Once on the trail, they'll never catch her, by Jove!"

"It looks a good plan—to get shot," Woodcote commented; "but it's a straight, plucky, English way of doing things. Come into my quarters; I want to give you the despatches." Inside, the major said, "Now, sir, what about the folks at home?"

"Here is an address; if I don't get through—the breeds'll show you in the morning—you might write that the blood hadn't turned to water; it'll wipe something off the score. If I have luck, and you're relieved, you can burn this slip."

It was ten o'clock before the valley of the Saskatchewan cradled enough of darkness to blur the trail-scored prairie to a dim field of mystery. Even then, a low-hanging half-moon wove the poplar shadows into a fretwork of chased silver. Behind the fort, from the bosom of the river, a ghostlike mist streamed through the valley, an attenuated cloud of vapor, as though a steamer had

passed. The rebels, flitting from camp-fire to camp-fire, dark shadows, like rabbits in a muskeg, were suddenly stricken to silence by the defiant crack of a carbine on the fort walls. Immediately the imperious music of a bugle sounding the alarm came to the ears of the listening breeds. Then the somber stockade of the fort, a gloomy blotch in the gray transition of light, spurted patches of fire; the valley crackled as though it were a beaten tin pan.

From the human hedge of the rebel force a shrill cry of fighting rage went up; and the Indians, throwing themselves into the trenches they had steadily thrust toward the fort, and behind trees, waited for the sortie they fancied was coming. There was the rolling thunder of hoofs beating the sleepy prairie; and above this, that was like the deep melody of drums, a shrill voice rose, calling in Cree: "Ho, brothers! help me! I bring the police horses!"

Silent, grim-watching, half a thousand marksmen lay hidden, rifle in hand, waiting for the closer manifestation of the hoof thunder, and the voice claiming blood-kinship. Now the galloping shadows were close to the watchers; surely it was but one man and a handful of horses.

Now the rider reins his horse to his haunches, and calls again: "Ho, Louis Duplisse! Ho, Maskotic! Ho, brothers that did the brave battle at Frog Lake!"

"Hi-hi-yi-hi-ya-hi!" From a trench the shrill signal started a blare of wolf-like calls; from poplar bluff and prairie rose up the warriors to crowd about this one of the brotherhood who had done the brave deed.

"Ho, nichies," he was saying, "where is the teepee of the great chief Yellow Bear? Say to him that Buck Roland has brought a present of four horses."

"This way is the teepee of Yellow Bear; I am Louis Duplisse, an' frien' to any Roland," a rebel called in answer.

The horses, excited by the gallop—the flaring torches held by the breeds, and the rifle-fire, were ready to create the diversion that Waster Cavendish had meant for their part. On the toe of each boot he had fastened a big

Mexican spur; and as eager hands stretched forth to clutch the prizes, Waster, crying "Don't get kicked, my brothers," tickled the ribs of the horses with his spurs. All the time they were moving toward the chief's teepee. Now the stronger music of iron shoes against the gravel came up to Waster's ears, and he knew that they were on the beaten trail.

"Here, brave one, is Chief Yellow Bear's teepee," Duplisse said.

As he spoke, Cavendish ripped the flank of a horse with his toe-spur, let the leading-rein slip from his fingers, and as the startled brute plunged, his three mates broke away and stampeded. The wave of humans rolled back from beneath the fierce hoofs of the charging beasts; the torches twisted bewilderingly; clamorous uproar lent most delicious confusion to the scene.

"Off the trail, brothers!" Waster yelled. "I will round up the horses."

Not a rifle called halt to the fleeing man; the breeds ran here and there, chasing the stampeded horses. It was the swift runner, Big Moose, flying over the trail at the heels of Montana Gold, who suddenly sent back to his comrades an angry call that the one who rode was fleeing beyond the loosed horses. They had been tricked.

Yellow Bear's Indians unhobbled their ewe-necked, cow-hocked cayuses, and, rifle in hand, swinging to their bare backs, chased the one who had called to them with a forked tongue that he was of kinship.

Montana Gold had the long-reaching gallop of her thoroughbred sire. For half a mile the trail lay over a level prairie, and her stride carried Cavendish into the wind until it was like a brush against his face. As they dipped into the hollow of a creek-bed, he eased the mare to a walk. Up the other bank he stayed the mettlesome beast, until she clamped eagerly at the bit; then he let her swing along at a hand-gallop. Presently his ear caught, "Clickety-patter, clickety-patter, clickety-patter," the erratic beating of untrained hoofs that carried unwise riders. Then he let the mare go forward at a strong gallop.

Through the few hours of night, Cavendish rode the race of a long trail.

Three times Waster slipped from his saddle, and, hand in stirrup-leather, ran for a mile to ease the mare. When the light had come, Cavendish rested in a jack-pine clump, from which he could see a mile of the back trail. There he gave Montana Gold a little breakfast of oats from a bag bound to the horn of his saddle.

For the time they were as two humans. Waster talked to the mare, and from the tired head, low-drooping in restfulness, the beautiful big, full eyes, soft and gentle in their courage, looked at him in understanding, and said plainly enough, "Everything is all right—we can manage it."

Cavendish led the golden-chestnut down to a stream of ice-cold water that stole from a bronze-green blur on the horizon that was a spruce forest, and let the mare stand where the waters babbled over a gravel-studded crossing; and with his hands rubbed the fever of the night's gallop from her tendons; and with his neckcloth washed her nostrils and her lips and her eyes, and held the cloth between her ears. Then the loosened girth was cinched tight; each foot examined to see that no gravel-stone lurked in the frog; and on again the two, that were like comrades, raced on their mission.

Cavendish knew the trail well. He had passed Vermilion Creek—that was fifty miles from Fort Andrew; now he skirted Egg Lake, just an elongated pond, its waters, strangely blue, dotted by myriad ducks. At midday, he gave the mare an hour in the young blue-joint grass that clothed the little valley through which wandered Sturgeon River, watching the trail from the bank. At three o'clock, Waster came to a stack of hay in a muskeg which he remembered—it was John Whitford's, and his shack was just beyond. Whitford, being an English half-breed, was supposed to be loyal.

"I ought to jump the trail," Waster muttered; "a breed is a breed, and this duck may be a rebel." Then he looked at the mare; she stood low-drooped in

the neck—her feet wide apart. "You're tired, old girl, and it's rough going off the trail. I'll take a chance; this pinto man may have information—and grub."

He slipped one revolver into his shirt, letting the other rest in its place in his belt. As he rode up to the turf-roofed, low-slouching shack, a colony of train-dogs charged out at him; and then a dozen breeds came forth, rifle in hand. Cavendish realized that he had popped his head into a dangling noose that the slightest mischance would draw tight.

"Every devilish one of that outfit is a rebel," Waster muttered. Then aloud, in answer to their greeting, he said: "Ho, boys, it's a hell of a long trail from here to de Beaver. Got any grub?"

As the breeds crowded around, eying Montana Gold from every point, Waster recognized one as Felix Monkman.

"Dat's pretty damn fine hoss, I t'ink me. Where you get bronco lak dat?" asked Monkman.

"Bought him from Buck Rolan' me."

"Who's Buck Rolan'? Where he get dat hoss?"

"I don' know me; he say a English-man is die, an' mak' him presen' dis hoss."

"Dat's Waster Cavendish cayuse."

"Dat's my hoss now; I don' know no Cavendish mans."

"You wan' for sell him?"

"An' be set afoot, wit' de redcoats poppin' der guns lak fools, an' swearin' for keel ever' fell' what's not white man?"

As he spoke, Waster uncinched the saddle, and threw it and the bridle in a careless heap on the sod. Then he swaggered nonchalantly into the shack.

As Waster ate the food Whitford set out for him, he developed a plan for getting away. The rebels in the shack would all be mounted; working from this datum, Waster's vocabulary became of a lurid sportiveness.

"By Goss! dat's hell of a fas' hoss," he swore, through a mouthful of bacon. "I never see me a bronco run lak dat mare. I t'ink me I don' sell dat yellow mare 'tall—jus' keep him for race."

"How you lak for try beat my ole hoss?" Monkman asked. "I got ole cayuse dat I drive all tam in Red River

cart. By Goss! I'll mak' match wit' you' yellow mare."

"All right," Waster answered; "I'll race you' cayuse. How many skins you wan' bet—how far you wan' run?"

"Same's always race in de ole tam—de man dat win tak' both hoss," Monkman answered.

From the first, Cavendish felt that a huge breed, Baptiste Lefèvre, the leader of the party, was suspicious of him. Whenever he raised his head from his food, from beneath the half-breed's massive forehead a pair of piercing black eyes returned his look. The prospect of a race acted as a relieving distraction upon all the rebels except the yellow-red giant. The distance and form of the race led to an interminable wrangle. Waster affected a gentle indifference, saying: "Dat's new hoss for me, dat yellow mare; p'raps she's bloody fas' for half-mile, p'raps she can run down buffalo bull—I don' know me. I t'ink 'bout mile pretty fair for ever' fell'."

Then, the others jabbering in Cree, he would join in, and agree first with one and then with the other. Once he said to himself, "If I can make that long sweep of a Mephistopheles think I'm a bit of a fool, I may not have to plug him with lead to get away."

Finally, half a mile out along the trail, turn a dead poplar and gallop back, was agreed upon; and Waster thought sweetly of how he would gently leave the return journey with its victory to Monkman. But the leader, who had sat evilly silent, objected that the run with a turn was no good. "I will take Lynx Howes," he said in Cree, "and together we will go to Springcreek, which is a mile. There we will start these two swift runners, and they will gallop back here to the shack. That is a good way, is it not, brothers?"

Then the horses were saddled. Waster smiled to himself when Monkman's hope was brought up out of the creek-flat. He knew the horse well—a flea-bitten roan bronco named Kewatin, meaning "the North Wind"; he had seen him win at Fort Saskatchewan.

With an inward groan, Cavendish



Drawn by George Gibbs

"The oath died away in a scream of fright and rage, as the chestnut mare swerved and crashed into him"

ostentatiously placed his blanket and caribou-skin coat against the log wall of the shack; then he loosed his belt, and taking from it the revolver, carelessly threw it with his other goods, saying, "Dat's good-lookin' hoss what m'sieu got; goin' to be a damn hot race, I t'ink me. I don' wan' for carry no dead-weight."

He saw the black eyes that were always watching him clear a little at this evidence of his intention to return to the shack. But Lefèvre carried a rifle swung across his knees as they jogged out toward the starting-point of the race.

"Here is de start," Lefèvre said, wheeling his cayuse.

"All right," Waster answered; "we'll go fer de li'le run back, an' if he's fair start, you drop de hat, m'sieu."

"I don' drop no hat me; I jus' call 'Marse'—dat's bes' way."

"He's most determined to get shot," Waster muttered, regretfully.

Then Monkman and Cavendish went back; and as the latter wheeled Montana Gold behind Kewatin, he slipped his hand beneath his shirt. He could see the rebel leader's finger tickling the trigger of his rifle, which a little swing would bring into play.

"Go on!" Waster called to Monkman; and the two horses, familiar with the racing game, sprang forward like hounds slipped from the leash. With joyous eagerness, the breed stole a length of start. The mare's nose lapped on the roan's quarter; the chestnut mare, her mouth wide open, was straining at the reins that her rider had knotted short. Now they were within a stride of the starter, who sat grim and erect in his saddle, ready at the first suspicious movement to send a bullet through the heart of the man he distrusted. Ah! by the great Manitou, it was to be a race! Lefèvre's blood leaped hot to the beat of the mad hoofs that sounded a loved rhythm in his ears.

"Marse!" the swarthy chief yelled, a frenzy of delight blurring his eyes to all but the passionate reach of the eager animals. "Sacré—hell!"—the oath died away in a scream of fright and rage, as the chestnut mare swerved and crashed into him.

The big breed's startled cry had not ceased to vibrate, when it was echoed to silence by the cackle of Waster's long-necked Colt's, and a hot fragment of something like molten iron ripped at the breed's thigh—even at the base of his skull he could feel the mad thing tearing as though a serpent fanged him in a dozen places. Twice Waster's gun spat from its narrow mouth, its thin, hard lips, a vicious command, and Lynx Howes lay beside his chief, his thin fingers clutching at the short grass in animal rage.

Then the chestnut, plunging from the collision, and all but thrown, was wheeled, and her slim-pointed ears penciled the southern sky, which was the way of Fort Carford. Low to her neck, flat on the wither, leaned Waster; and there was need. Gather your loins and race, gallant mare! make small the mark, brave rider! Lefèvre seeks to rise; he cannot. Hate concentrates his mind; his Winchester—he reaches it. It is at his shoulder. Along the open trail he trains the sights; the hazard is cast; and the bullet, speeding in the groove of chance, flattens against the shoulder-blade of the brave messenger.

"Ugh! almost a cropper!" Waster's voice drove the mare faster. At the start Monkman had raked his Mexican rowels up the pepper-and-salt flank of the roan, yelling with joy because he had stolen the lead. Ten yards, and the imperious, harsh bark of the pistol came to him; then the cry of his chief. The breed drew the roan's head to his chest, swung him to a turn, and galloped back to where the two men lay. Curious dabs of red flecked their bodies—their own blood, cast back by the leaves as the wounded men writhed.

Howes clutched at the air, then at his shirt-collar; his legs twitched; he sat bolt upright—his eyes wide-staring, not seeing; and then—he was dead.

Lefèvre's gun, a sigh of smoke issuing from the muzzle, dropped from his hands. "Trail de moneas—tak' dat odder gun!" In fragments he gave the order.

Monkman was down; he had the

gun; then on the back of the speedy roan he raced, his hatchet-face of swarthy greasiness hung forward like a hawk's. It was a Hudson's Bay trade gun he carried, a muzzle-loader, and the only ammunition was the one charge it held. On they raced. Stretch her muscles as Montana Gold might, the roan could not be shaken off.

Waster's breeches were glued to his hips. "I'm bleeding," he muttered. "If I weaken, I'm a loser; that hound is waiting for a pot-shot."

Soon he rode unsteadily; he rolled in the saddle; he was growing weak. The mare, checked in her stride, changed her feet. "If I could plug that hole, to stop the blood, I might make it; if I could wing that breed—curse him!" he thought. He must—Waster must wing the breed, or the breed would creep up, and up, and at the last get his pot-shot.

Ahead, the tops of spruce showed, springing from the prairie as though the trees were buried; that meant a creek-bed. Waster rocked violently, pitched, clutched the horn, and let his body dangle to one side as though he would fall; and, as the mare drove into the coulée, he drew the rein, slipped to the trail, and struck her over the quarter with his heavy hat. Startled, she plunged forward through the little ford, and up the other bank.

Waster slipped into the undergrowth of dogwood, and crept back to the edge of the hill; there he hid behind a black poplar. He knew exactly what his pursuer would do. The breed would see that Cavendish was falling from the saddle; then the riderless mare, galloping in fright, would convince him that the white man was down. Monkman, with the caution of a Wood Cree, would dismount, and creep, cunning as a wolverene, to the brink of the hill for a shot at his victim.

As Waster listened, there was a slipping sound as though leaves scurried over dry grass. Again! It was from beside the trail—his side. The wounded man could see nothing; there was just that sound as of palms rubbed together,

and then silence, as the breed, creeping, searched the coulée for his mark.

Closer, closer came the whisper of the crushed grass and the troubled leaves, until it seemed as if Waster could stretch out his hand and grasp the creeper who sought his life. And then, as a little cloud of dust suddenly spirals up from a roadway, the head and shoulders of the murderous breed silently topped the gray-leaved wolf-willow ten feet from the black poplar. Monkman turned his head sharply at a sibilant whistle from Waster's lips, to look down an unsympathetic lane of steel, at the bottom of which lurked death.

"Hands up! That's right—walk toward me! There, turn the butt of that gun this way—so; pass it now! Marse! steady—just in front—so!" The white man's lips bit the words off.

Out on the prairie Waster spoke again. "I didn't kill you, because I needed you. Peel that shirt from your back, and tie up this shoulder good and tight. Plug the wound with this—wet it!" and Waster tossed the breed his wedge of tobacco. "If you make a break, I'll kill you."

Still covering Monkman with his gun, Waster made the breed lead the roan, that had been tied to a tree, over the coulée, and along the trail until they came to Montana Gold, who was quietly clipping the young grass, waiting for her master.

"Now, I'm going to confiscate your cayuse and gun, nichie," Waster said; "and you ought to be damn glad to get off with your life. Now, Marse! Hit the back trail."

Cavendish climbed wearily to Montana's back, and, leading the roan, once more took up the trail to Fort Carford, muttering, "I'm too weak to risk taking that skunk in as a prisoner."

It was midnight when the sentry challenged him. And when a regiment swung out of the fort gates in an hour, Waster, hearing the drums, said: "I've made good. Some one tell Major Woodcote to burn the address I gave him, and not blab."

THE MARRIAGES OF HENRY VIII

By HARRY THURSTON PECK

WHEN Henry VIII became king, he was only eighteen years of age. No more truly royal figure ever graced a throne. Handsome, with golden hair and beard and blue eyes, his face was ruddy with vigorous health. His frame was athletic, and he had been trained to martial exercises as well as to every form of sport, so that he bore himself with both the gallantry of a soldier and the graceful ease of a courtier. Tireless, active and energetic, his mental gifts matched fully his physical advantages. He had wit, and eloquence at command. He was versed in the new learning. He loved letters and the converse of scholars. In character he was generous, high-spirited and impulsive, impatient of restraint, and with the hot temper of a Welshman which came to him with his Tudor blood. His ardent nature made him masterful and a born lover, and these traits belonged to all the rest of his kingly race.

Henry married, as soon as he was crowned, the Spanish princess Catherine, daughter of the two powerful Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. It was a match upon which the young king

had set his heart. Catherine was the widow of Henry's consumptive brother, Arthur, to whom she had been married at sixteen, and from whom she was released by death a few months after marriage. She was in her own fashion a handsome girl, short of stature, full in figure, with regular though rather heavy features, and with a forehead much too high even when it was partly covered by her thick reddish hair. When Henry married her, she was six years his senior—a fact which may account in part for his infatuation; since at eighteen a youth is very apt to fall in love with women who are older than himself, especially when they are temperamentally unlike.

Catherine was, in fact, the antithesis of her husband.

Lacking the Spanish fire, she had in full measure the Spanish pride, the Spanish dignity, and to a large degree the Spanish obstinacy of character. Although at this time she had already lived in England for nine years, she had learned but little of the language, she still dressed like a Spaniard, and she observed a state and ceremony which contrasted strongly with the somewhat boisterous manners of the



From the portrait by Holbein

HENRY VIII

English court. Henry was as fond of revels and tournaments and masques and dances as any other full-blooded young Englishman of his day. Catherine's maturer years and more developed character made these things seem childish; and so, from the beginning, the two were not in absolute accord. Yet she never really vexed her husband except when she refused to witness the bull-baiting which he liked so much, and there is no evidence that there was any serious unhappiness between them throughout the first years of their life together. It is quite certain that Henry was faithful to her; and, indeed, he never spoke of her either then or thereafter in anything but terms of profound respect.

These facts alone would suffice to show that Henry was far from being a mere sensualist. In the most ardent period of his life, with a frankly amorous disposition, and married to a woman older than himself, foreign in her ways and speech, devoid of temperament, and out of sympathy with his amusements, he was still an affectionate and faithful husband, and he showed his trust in her by leaving her as regent of the kingdom during his absence in the wars with France. It was not until fourteen years had passed that anything like a breach between the two became apparent. During that time three children had been born, of whom two were boys and one a girl—the Princess Mary. In all the centuries of its existence England had never yet been governed by a queen. Henry felt all an Englishman's desire to have sons, and something of an Englishman's half-unconscious contempt for daughters. Moreover, his ambition to perpetuate a line of kings was very strong within his heart. The death of



ANNE BOLEYN

his two sons at first depressed him, and then worked upon a certain vein of superstition in his nature. It seemed as though he were suffering in some way from divine displeasure. He began to brood over the circumstances of his marriage. His wife had been his brother's widow, and marriage with a brother's widow was unlawful by the canons of the church. To be sure, the pope had granted a dispensation for the marriage; yet to the gloomy king there came a dread lest Heaven had been offended. Still, this dread was at first a subject of meditation rather than a fixed idea. At last, however, when Catherine had reached her fortieth year, she was smitten with a lingering illness which robbed her of her beauty and, after it had passed away, left her in face and form an old and withered woman. Henry

himself was still in the prime of manhood, and in this illness he saw another evidence of the hand of God. It was certain that Catherine would bear no more children. She had become sickly and morose. The gravity of her manner now verged upon haughtiness and harshness. At the same time, it was alleged that a powerful party in the kingdom—the old Catholic nobility—had vowed that Catherine's daughter should be queen.

These circumstances all combined to bring out traits in Henry's character which had hitherto been undeveloped. It is most likely that in the end he would have put away his wife and would have married a second time, even had he not become entangled in a love-affair. Such ambition as his, combined with a power that was absolute, could not have been held back forever. The fascination which Anne Boleyn exercised upon him merely hastened the inevitable. Henry had met this girl at court in 1522, after he had been married to Catherine for nearly thirteen years. Anne Boleyn was of Irish ancestry and had all the vivacity of the Celtic type. She was tall and slender, with an exquisite figure, graceful, and with the bearing, not of a princess, to be sure, but of a well-bred woman of the world. She had been educated in France in the household of Marguerite, Duchesse d'Alençon, amid surroundings little fitted to cultivate fine traits of character. Marguerite herself was steeped in sentiment and romance. Her traditions were those of the most immoral court in Europe. Herself not evil, she nevertheless viewed the sins of others with amusement. Morality had no meaning for her and she lived in an atmosphere of love-making and light gallantry. With her, Anne Boleyn had grown up to womanhood fond of adventure, defiant of convention, free of speech and manner, and loose in thought. Before she was twenty years of age, many stories had been circulated which if true were detrimental to her reputation. But whether they were true or not, it is certain that she was something worse than frivolous, and that if she had not gone all the lengths,

this was only because her nature underneath the surface was hard and calculating. But when Henry met her, he saw only a witty, merry, sprightly girl whose beauty was enhanced even by the few slight blemishes upon it, such as a projecting tooth, a mole upon the neck and a curious deformity of the right hand.

Henry was attracted by her from the first, yet it must be remembered that not until eleven years after they had met, did he divorce Catherine and marry Anne Boleyn. In part, of course, the delay was due to the difficulties in the way. Yet it is only fair to think that the reasons of state which have already been enumerated were as potent as the charms of Anne. It should be noticed, too, that Henry did not seek to make of her his mistress. In his own way he was honorable. It was marriage that he sought; and the fact that he waited all through that long and trying time is proof that physical passion alone was far from dominating him. When he finally married Anne, she was thirty-two years of age, as beautiful as ever, and as bad at heart. Her real nature Henry soon discovered. No sooner was she queen than she gave way to every mood and every possible caprice. Vain, impatient, frivolous and shameless, she made enemies on every hand, and, worst of all, she estranged her husband. That freedom of manner which may have attracted him at first, now startled him. She flirted without restraint and without dignity; she allowed her casual admirers to take extraordinary liberties with her; and at last, when these things had gone on even in Henry's presence, his jealous temper flamed out fiercely. In his household and in his family no such woman as this had hitherto been seen. He could not make allowance for Anne Boleyn's bringing up, but put the worst construction on her levity. Already his own health was undermined. He had grown huge of body, corpulent and unwieldy. The agonies of gout had lamed him so that his field-sports were at an end. His physical suffering and the sight of Anne's frivolities drove him to a frenzy. An accusation of

unfaithfulness was made against the queen. Just what the evidence presented may have been is now unknown, for the testimony given before the council was afterward destroyed. Whether innocent or not, she had at least exposed herself to the worst suspicions, and she was condemned to death, as guilty of high treason. She had borne two children to the king; but the first of these, a son, died in a single day, and King Henry may have felt that this union, like the other, was ill-omened and unblessed.

When Anne died, the king at once sought out another wife. This has been made a serious charge against him, as though it proved his heartlessness. But he had loved Anne; and when she proved unfaithful, as he thought, he turned to another with something of that despair which often leads a rejected lover to offer himself to the first woman whom

he meets. Jane Seymour, who accepted him almost without a wooing, was thirty-seven years of age, and she died in the year which followed on her wedding. She was everything which Anne Boleyn had not been—a serene and quiet figure, with little beauty, reserved in manner, gentle, awkward and obedient. For her, as for no other wife of his, the king wore mourning and made his court mourn with him; for Jane Seymour had given

him a son whose birth had cost her life.

For three years Henry remained unmarried; and when he took a wife again, it was surely not for love, since he had never seen the lady, but at the earnest urging of his powerful minister, Thomas Cromwell. It was, in fact, a marriage of state, intended to ally England with the Protestant princes of North Germany. The Princess Anne of Cleves, whose marriage with the king was thus ar-

ranged, furnished the one touch of comedy in the narrative of Henry's matrimonial career. The bride was just half Henry's age, and had been brought up at a petty German court at a time when even a court, in Germany, remained untouched by the graces and refinements of civilization. Anne of Cleves would to-day, no doubt, be taken for a German Hausfrau of a tradesman's family. She could read and write and she could sew;



JANE SEYMOUR

but in these words is summed up the entire list of her accomplishments. Dull-witted, sluggish, ignorant and awkward, no such queen had ever shared the English throne. She was tall and stout, without the semblance of a figure; her nose was broad, her lips loose, her complexion muddy, and she was badly pitted with smallpox. She plastered her coal-black hair in long flat bands about her face, and over it she

wore a yellow wig in a contrast which was startling. Worse than all, she had a strong dislike to the use of soap and water, and both at table and in her own apartments her habits were such as to sicken her attendants. She spoke no English and the king knew little German. A more ridiculous match for a proud and splendid king could not have been imagined. Scarcely had Henry seen her when he burst into a rage at having been deceived.

"She is a great Flemish mare!" cried the furious king; "I have been ill-handled." But the matter had already gone too far. He had to marry her; yet having done so, he set about the task of effecting a release. Meanwhile, he shunned her presence. She was married in January, and in June there came to her a royal commission to tell her that she must agree to the annulling of the marriage. At sight of the royal officers, Anne fell into a fit of terror; but when she found that she was not to be beheaded or to suffer bodily harm, and when her dull wits discovered what was really wanted, she was perfectly contented. She signed anything and everything that was given her to sign. She wrote letters at dictation to her relatives in Germany. She gave up everything; and in six days she was divorced. It was all the same to her, and, in fact, in the end she was delighted, for she found herself in possession of a handsome income and a large estate, on which she lived thereafter with much apparent satisfaction, sewing, eating four or five greasy meals a day, and increasing comfortably in weight.

The brief episode of Anne of Cleves, which was in reality not matrimonial at all but partly political and partly farcical, left Henry in a mood with which



ANNE OF CLEVES

one can scarcely fail to sympathize. He was now nearly fifty years of age; but disappointment, physical suffering, and that tense excitement of the stormy years in which he lived, made him older than his age. He longed for repose at home and for companionship. Like many men who are crossing the line of middle life, he dreamed of a love that should be pure and true, and that should be given to

himself for the first time. The sweetness and trust of maidenhood were his ideal; and he believed that he had found them in Catherine Howard, a slip of a girl whom he chanced to observe at a banquet given to the king by Bishop Gardiner. Henry's admiration for her was instantaneous, and in a way it was justified. Catherine Howard was petite and delicate in appearance, vivacious in manner and with a fresh girlish laugh which was very winning. Her blue eyes, red lips and beautiful brown hair made her pass for a beauty; while her pert little nose, just a trifle retroussé, gave her an air of archness that went well with her years. She was, in fact, what in modern phrase would be described as "fetching." Her family, moreover, was one of the noblest in all England, her uncle being the Duke of Norfolk, first among British peers. To Henry she appeared to be all that he had dreamed of—innocent with an innocence almost childish, merry, companionable and sincere. He married her within a few weeks after making her acquaintance, and for a short time was completely happy, in having at last fulfilled the aspiration of long years of waiting. It seemed to him as though his life was now to be a life of peace, with a lovely and devoted girl whose affection he might

win and hold by his concern for her happiness. Not the faintest suspicion of the black reality had ever entered his mind. Even his enemies might have pitied him had they known of the bitter disillusion that was at hand.

Catherine Howard, noble though she was, and a mere girl of eighteen, had already two secrets in her life. Even at the moment when she was giving her little hand in marriage to the king, her heart was sick and faint with the dread of an exposure. As a child she had lived in the home of her adopted grandmother, the dowager-Duchess of Norfolk. Here she had been much neglected, and had been left to the company and example of the waiting-women and maids. The manners of these persons were not merely evil; they were indescribably depraved. It delighted Catherine's companions

to teach her all of the vices which they knew and practised; and when she was but twelve years of age, they had given her over to a dissolute musician named Maddox, who became her lover. This was with Catherine a sin of ignorance, but a little later, she was seriously fascinated by a handsome, loose-living gentleman, a distant relative of hers named Francis Derham. With him her infatuation went very far. She entered

into a private contract of marriage, which in those days was as binding as a marriage and which gave the same privileges as marriage. When the old duchess at last discovered how matters stood, she was excessively indignant. Derham fled to escape the vengeance of Catherine's near relatives, yet he and the girl kept up a clandestine correspondence. Catherine was so illiterate

as to be unable to do more than sign her name; and her letters to Derham had to be written for her by an evil old woman, a Mrs. Bulmer, who thus got possession of a secret destined to be fatal.

When Catherine had won the favor of the king, she broke with Derham, who was really fond of her. She tried to obliterate her past. Had she confessed it to her royal lover, she might still have been queen of England, or at least have

saved herself from persecution. But she was only a young girl, rather vulgar at heart, not very clever, greatly flattered by her coming grandeur, and fearful lest she might lose everything. Therefore, with the cunning instinct of a servant, she sought to cover up her secrets. She let the hag Bulmer blackmail her. She got places about the court for the different persons who knew her story. She even committed the supreme folly of sending



CATHERINE PARR

for Derham and making him her private secretary—an act which, in view of their previous relations, was little short of criminal.

But the girl had become distracted. One after another person learned the truth about her, and she was preyed upon by the basest wretches, who threatened her and extorted from her money, offices and promises of help. The miserable girl-queen lived in a constant thrill of terror. A frightful pit yawned at her feet, and those around her seemed to be pushing her down into its depths. The king alone knew nothing, but grew more and more devoted and content. He spoke to those about him of his perfect happiness, and declared that never before had he known so sweet and tender a companion. To the ears of Catherine these words must have sounded like the accents of approaching doom.

At last the inevitable crash occurred. At Hampton Court, the king, receiving the sacrament with Catherine, publicly thanked God for giving him a wife so absolutely suited to his mind—"a loving, dutiful and virtuous queen." A few hours later and the Archbishop of Canterbury placed in Henry's hands a statement of certain facts which had been laid before him, and begged him to consider them in private. The king was startled, but, after a moment, utterly incredulous. But when Derham and others had been searchingly examined, unbelief gave way to conviction. Henry burst into a passion of tears. His dream of happiness was shattered. His "dutiful and virtuous" queen was shown to have deceived him, to have been unchaste in life, and to have come to him while still affianced to another man. When Catherine heard of the accusation, she tried to see the king. Her attendants restrained her. Twice she broke from them and ran to the door of the room where Henry was, but she was forced back and carried, shrieking and sobbing piteously, to her own apartments, which

were now her prison. She never saw the king again; but two months afterward, having been sentenced by the House of Lords, she was taken in the dusk to Tower Hill, where she met her death. As she passed under London Bridge, she may have looked up and seen the blackened head of Derham, her former lover and the cause of her unhappy end. When she died she was twenty years of age and a bride of eighteen months.

Henry's last choice of a wife, in Catherine Parr, was perhaps his wisest. He married a woman who had been twice a widow and who therefore possessed the art of managing a husband. She was a little over thirty, and though her contemporaries were not enthusiastic over her beauty, the portraits of her seem to modern eyes to show a face far more attractive than those of Henry's first three wives. Of Catherine Howard there exists, so far as I can find, no authentic likeness. The last of the six queens is the one of whom a good deal has been written; but her life with Henry is not very interesting. By this time the king was verging on his end—a curious figure, gigantic in frame, bloated by disease, scarcely able to walk, irascible, fierce, suspicious and resentful. He had governed badly and like a tyrant, even though out of his reign came infinite good to England. But his faults were more truly the faults of the monarch than the faults of the man. The matches which he made and by which he is remembered best, are surely not to be explained unfavorably. Through them we see the strivings of a restless temperament seeking for repose. Reasons of state made his first marriage and his fourth quite unsuccessful. The second and the fifth were wrecked through no fault of the king himself. But to the wife whom he survived and to the wife who survived him, he was a typical English husband—bent upon having his own way, not overnice in his sensibilities, but none the less faithful, generous and kind.



THE SUMMERING AMERICAN ACTOR ABROAD

By ALAN DALE

THE summer American actor on "the other side" is something of an inscrutable mystery to those who have not run across him there, as I have frequently done. Why does he cross the Atlantic, and what does he do when he gets there? I used to ask myself those questions when I met him in London, looking like a fish out of water and positively yearning for the scent of an American intonation.

The American actor, according to those choice specimens of literature calling themselves "the organs of the theatrical profession," goes abroad for various reasons. He needs a rest—even if he has been "resting" all season, he still needs some more; or he is just running across the pond to get that chap Pincro, or Henry Arthur Jones, or good old Barrie, to write him a play; or he has taken a "bungalow" in some region where

bungalows couldn't exist, and is about to take things easily; or he wants "local color" for a play that he intends to produce, and contemplates saturating himself with it.

All this reads extremely well. I used to envy the American actor his lot in life. It seemed so luxurious. Before I was as a god knowing good and evil, I used to drink in those lovely interviews with the returning American actor. How charming they were! You were

impressed with the idea that he had a hard time abroad checking the advances of kings and dukes. They all wanted him to stay at their "country places," simply because he happened to be American, and they were so fond of Americans. As for the American actresses—dear little girls—they were delightful. As they tripped down the gangplank, they always told those horrible reporters



BLANCHE RING

bewitching stories of their conquests. The jolly little things had snubbed lords, positively shunned obnoxious baronets, and had resisted opportunities to "create" magnificent rôles.

This was inevitable. I never discovered the fallacy till the last decade, when I investigated the matter myself, and exploded a glorious myth. Now I no longer envy the American actor abroad, for I have met him. I have seen him in all his anguish.

The American summer actor on the other side is a humbug from the time he begins his trip until he lands in New York city upon his return. In London he is the most miserable being, as he loafs around the Strand unable to attach himself to anything. He feels the loss of Broadway—from Thirty-third to Forty-second Street—most acutely. Everything is strange. So is everybody. The groups of English actors, all assembled in discussions of native matters that are Greek to him, do not see him or know him.

This same forlorn, hopeless actor goes back to his lodgings and writes to the "dramatic papers" glowing stories of his great success. London is at his feet.

He is doing the theaters night after night. The managers are begging him to occupy boxes. Then he describes the various plays he has seen. He is such a busy being. And the actors at home

who read this—they are taking five-cent rides to Coney Island occasionally to pass away the time—are green with envy. As a matter of fact, it is the summer American actor in London who envies them.

Often in London I go to the theater with the rest, and patronize the "pit." Many an American actor, many an august leading man, have I met there. He goes to the "pit" not because it is cheap and nasty, but because he doesn't want to bother to "dress," you know; or he is studying English institutions, and wants to go in with the great unwashed; or he happened to be in the neighborhood of the theater and ran in for a few minutes. He explains his presence in six different ways.

He will return to New York and tell his "organ"

that he was studying atmosphere in Iceland in order to play his part in Hall Caine drama with intelligence. If he is appearing in a Scotch rôle, it will be Edinburgh that he has been



Photograph by Burr McIntosh

LULU GLASER



ADELAIDE THURSTON

investigating, or Dublin in the case of a Hibernian drama. But I have always found him prowling about London. He has "rooms" somewhere, but I have never dared to ask him where.

I've seen all the "summering" actors abroad, from Nat Goodwin and William Gillette and DeWolf Hopper to the small fry. The foregoing remarks apply principally to the small fry, but the others look unhappy enough. They are so unrecognized. Recognition is the spice of the actor's life. He may pretend that he hates being stared at as he walks down Broadway, but he hates not being stared at as he marches around London. The great "stars," who can't set foot out of doors in this city without noticing that everybody is nudging everybody else to look at them, could stand on their heads in the heart of London and nobody but the policeman or the urchins would pay any attention.

When I first began to see the summer American actor abroad, I was dumb with amazement. I had imagined him dining with Lord Tomnoddy at Tomnoddy Castle, Tomnoddyshire; and it was so amazing to see him eating a solitary porterhouse in one of the



Photograph by Burr McIntosh

ETHEL BARRYMORE

dour restaurants of the English metropolis. The waiter paid him no more attention than if he were a mere casual 'Arry, of no consequence to anybody. No man, unless he happened to own a strongly

gorgeously spoiled and so ludicrously overdone, must regard his sojourn abroad as something of a personal insult. As for enjoying it, that is out of the question.



JANE LAUREL

philosophic mind and the power to detach himself from his own little ego, could possibly enjoy this condition of things. The actor who rarely forgets shop and who, in this country, is so

The happiest moment in the summering American actor's trip abroad is his last moment there. He has lived through the summer. He has endured all—the discomfort, the expense, the



WINNIE SIEGRIST

lack of recognition, the cold belittlement, and the fruitless quest for novelty. He feels like a Spartan boy, and prepares to enjoy himself once more in the lovely game of humbug on the trip back. The blood courses through his veins once

again. His vitality returns, and he composes interviews to be given to the reporters at the New York dock.

When he gets there, he pretends to be in a terrible hurry to get away. "You reporters are a nuisance," he says.

"What do you expect me to say?" He knows so well! He wouldn't miss saying it for a farm. It is the only fun that he has got from his expatriation. Why, of the free and untrammelled American press, he can invent lovely fairy-stories of things as they were not, but as his imagination would like them to have been:



PEGGY BALLOU

he has vegetated all summer, and has lived on the thin of the land, just for the sheer joy of that winning moment when, amid the anxious representatives I have heard him deplore his return to recognition, and lament at the "lack of respect for private life" in New York. He has had his fill of that "respect."

He loathes it from the bottom of his heart. It has been the most horrible thing he has ever sampled. Never again, he tells himself—as he reels off yarns of alleged doings abroad to re-

and, I suppose, varies in quality. Each actor believes what he has read of the others. He is anxious to go and do likewise. It is an advertisement, though not nearly so good a one as it used to be,



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EDNA McCLURE

porters who, of course, haven't seen him in his "innocuous desuetude."

It is a charming, amusing myth. The summer exodus is always very large,

when the trip abroad was a rarity and the returning actor a hero. He has

hard work nowadays to fill that rôle, but he tries. Nobody can do more.



THE OCCULTATION OF FLORIAN AMIDON

By HERBERT QUICK

SYNOPSIS.—The opening instalments relate how Florian Amidon, banker in a small Western city, starts on a short journey in June, 1896, leaves the train at a junction and knows nothing more until he awakes in a sleeping-car approaching New York city, in February, 1901. He discovers that he has the clothes and other effects of a Eugene Brassfield, oil-dealer, of Bellevalle, Pennsylvania. To add to the dilemma, in Amidon's pockets are love-letters signed "Elizabeth Waldron." In New York two "occultists," Mme. Clara le Claire and her father, Professor Blatherwick, restore Amidon to the Brassfield consciousness and find out much about the oil-man. Amidon meets an old friend, Judge Blodgett, who goes to Bellevalle to make further investigations. Amidon follows, accompanied by the "occultists," and meets Elizabeth, to whom it appears Brassfield was engaged, at the station. The meeting is an awkward one for Amidon, but steering with fair success clear of topics about which he knows nothing, he makes an appointment to call at her home in the evening. After an interview full of surprises, in which they discuss plans which had already been drawn up for their future home, Amidon kisses Elizabeth good night, and departs in a conflict of emotions. Meanwhile Amidon discovers that Brassfield has not been acting wholly honorably toward Elizabeth.

XII

ON THE FIRM GROUND OF BUSINESS

O merry it was in the gay greenwood when the
goblin and sprite ranged free,
When the kelpie haunted the shadowed flood,
and the dryad dwelt in the tree;
But merrier far is the trolley-car as it routs the
witch from the wold,
And the din of the hammer and the cartridges'
clamor as they banish the swart kobold!
O a sovran cure for psychic dizziness
Is a breath of the air of the world of busi-
ness! —Idyls of a Sky-Scraper.

IT is recorded in the last chapter that

Mr. Amidon ran from Miss Waldron's presence in such a state of agitation that he hardly knew whither he went. To the reader who wonders why he was agitated, I have only to hint that he was wretchedly inexperienced. And as it was, he soon got his bearings and walked briskly toward his hotel; still, however, in a state of mind entirely new to him.

Gradually he lessened his gait, absorbed in mental reconstructions of his parting with Elizabeth. The pet lion which, while affectionately licking the hand which caresses it, brings the blood, and at the taste reverts instantly to its normal savagery, is acted upon by impulses much like those of Amidon. His thoughts were successions of moving pictures of the splendid girl whom he had held in his arms and kissed. He saw her sitting by the fire as he entered. His mind's eye dwelt upon the image of the strong, full figure and the lovely head and wondrous eyes. He felt her lean against him as they stood by the table, and his arms fairly ached with the thrill of that parting embrace. His lips throbbed still with the half-ravished kisses, and he stopped with an insane impulse to return to repeat the tender robbery. Then, wondering at the turbulence of his own thoughts, he walked on.

During this pause, he was dimly conscious that a person whom he had seen approaching had neared to the point of meeting, and after a moment's halt, had passed on. As he resumed his walk, he heard rapid steps behind him, and was passed by a man who strongly resembled the passenger whom he had just met. This figure turned a corner a few rods in advance of Florian, and almost immediately reemerged; having turned, apparently, for the purpose of encountering Amidon once more. This time, he walked up, and halted facing Amidon.

"You'll be at the office in the morning, I suppose, Mr. Brassfield?" said the man.

"At the office——" said Amidon. "My office? Yes."

"Well," this new acquaintance proceeded, "you'd better come prepared to fill my place in the establishment as soon as possible."

This statement was followed by a pause of the sort usually adopted for the purpose of noting the effect of some startling utterance. Amidon was feeling in his pocket for Elizabeth's first-found letter, and the affairs of the Brassfield Oil Company had little interest for him. Yet he dimly realized that some one was resigning something.

"Let me see," said he, musingly; "what—what do you do?"

The man gave a sort of hop, of the kind we have been taught to expect of the stag when the bullet strikes him.

"Do?" he snorted. "What do I do! What do I do? Do you mean to—I'll tell what I do! I get together options for you and send you cipher telegrams about 'em, and don't get any answers! I attend stockholders' meetings and get whipsawed by minorities because you are dead to the world off there in New York, or the Lord knows where, and don't furnish me with proxies! I stay here and try to protect your interests when you desert 'em, and you send some white-headed old reprobate of a Pinkerton man to shadow me for a week and try to pry into my work! And when you get home you never show up at the counting-room, though you know what a pickle things are in; and when I meet you on the street, I get cut dead: that's what I do! And I stand it, do I? Ha, ha, ha! Not if J. B. Stevens knows himself, I don't! Good night, Mr. Brassfield. Come round in the morning, and I'll show you what I do!"

After the speaker had rushed away, which he incontinently did following this outburst, Amidon's mind reverted to Elizabeth; and not until he had reached his room did his thoughts return to his encounter in the street; and then it was only to wonder if this man Stevens was really of any importance, and if a breach with him was a matter of any consequence.

His mind soon drifted off from this, however, and he got out of bed to turn on the lights and read the above-mentioned letter. And as he read it, he grew ashamed. That embrace, those kisses, now seemed an outrage to him. Was this his return for the sweet confidences, the revelations of hidden things, with which she had honored him? "You must forget this," she had written, "only at such times of tenderness when you are gone, as you will sometimes have," and: "When you see me again, . . . without a word or look from me, know me, even more than you now do, yours." And after this, he had permitted her

allurement to fly to his brain, and had given her reason to think that because she had lowered her guard, he had struck her a dastard's blow. His eyes grew soft with pity, and they moistened, as he repeated to himself, "Poor little girl! poor little girl!"

Oh, yes! doubtless it was silly of him; but please to remember that he was quite as far from being blasé as—as we used to be; and that he was just now becoming really in love with Elizabeth. And love is much nearer kin to pity than pity is to love. So he lay there and pitied Elizabeth, and wondered when the wedding was to be. He must have Clara find this out from Brassfield. And he thought regretfully of Mme. le Claire. His reflections thus touched upon the two most unhappy women in Bellevalle.

To the hypnotist he had become so much more than a "case," merely, that a revulsion of feeling was setting in against bringing him here to be turned over to a woman for whom he cared nothing. It was a shame, she thought. It was something which no one had a right to expect of any girl.

And Elizabeth Waldron still sat by the dying fire, her heart full of a fighting which would not let her sleep. She felt humbled and insulted, and her face burned as did her heart. But all the time she felt angry with herself for her inconsistency. She had longed for Eugene's letters, and when they came, so few and cold, she was grieved. She had expected a dozen little caresses, even before he left her carriage; and she was saddened because she missed them. She had thought of his coming in upon her in a manner quite different from that in which he had actually crept into her presence—and when he had only pressed her hands, she had felt defrauded and robbed. And when at parting he had done (somewhat forcibly, it is true) what she had many times allowed, and what she had all the time wanted of him, she felt outraged and offended!

These thoughts kept her long by the fire, and accompanied her to her chamber. "Elizabeth Waldron," said she to her mirror, "you are going insane! Aren't you ashamed that now, when he has

shown his love and understanding of the things you love and try to understand, and surprised you by the possession of the very qualities you have felt secretly regretful on account of his not having—that you felt—that way? What ails you, that you begin to feel toward the dearest man in all the world as if he were a stranger?—Ah, but you do, you do! And you'll never be happy with him, nor ever make him happy.—And, oh, that letter, that letter! That awful letter for him to read on the cars! If I had never written that!"

"What's my manager's name—Stevens?" asked Mr. Amidon of Judge Blodgett. "Yes? Well, I'm going to have trouble with him! I won't be bullied by my clerks. And who is the next man?"

"Alderson," said the judge. "It's all in the notes, you know."

"And very convenient, too," said Amidon. "And who is the stenographer?"

"Miss Strong," answered the judge.

"Well, let's go down—or perhaps I had better go alone. Please come in in an hour or so, won't you?"

The judge noted for the first time the decision of returning confidence in Amidon's manner. Two things contributed to this: the first was the sense of something tangible and intelligible in this going down to business in the morning like an ordinary American; and the other was rising anger at the attack made upon him by this man Stevens in the street last night. What sort of discipline can there be in the business, thought he, when an employee dares use such language toward his employer? A good towering passion is a great steadier of the nerves, sometimes. He walked into the counting-room, saw his name and the word "Private" on the glass of a certain door, went boldly beyond it, and was followed by a young woman with a note-book and pencil. Presently, in came Mr. Stevens without knocking.

"Here's another pretty how-de-do!" he exclaimed, without any greeting except an angry snort. "You promised

to sign that contract for the output of the Bunn's Ferry wells while you were in New York, and didn't! The papers are back with a notice that the deal is off except at a lower price. How'm I to make anything of this business, I'd like to know, if you——"

Amidon was surprised that Stevens was ignoring his threat to resign; but he was firm in his resolution to enforce discipline. The fact that he himself had been so long in a state of fear and under control, made the luxury of assuming the attitude of command an irresistible temptation.

"Mr. Stevens," said he, sternly, "have the kindness to read what is painted on that door!"

Though he had no need, Mr. Stevens gazed in astonishment at the word "Private."

"Kindly ask Mr. Alderson to step here a moment," went on Mr. Amidon.

Stevens stood mute, but Alderson overheard and came.

"You may draw Mr. Stevens a salary check to date, and a month in advance, in lieu of notice," said Mr. Amidon. "Mr. Stevens, you are no longer in the employ of this concern. Mr. Alderson, you may take charge until a successor to Mr. Stevens is found. I should now regard it as a favor if I might have my private office to myself and my stenographer!"

Alderson took the paralyzed Stevens by the shoulders and walked him out into the main office. Amidon's spirit rose, as he waited for the check to come in for his signature. He stabbed his letters with the paper-knife, and felt in a blissful state of general insurrection. The subjection of the past fortnight seemed to have fallen from him. After he had signed the check, he turned to Miss Strong.

"If you please," said he, in a voice of tense stridency, "I will give you a few letters."

The stenographer, who seemed to regard the events of the past few minutes as nothing short of a cataclysm, flutteringly leafed over her book, and just as Amidon began wondering what he could think of to put in a letter, she

burst into tears. Amidon closed his desk with a bang, and giving Alderson orders covering his absence, walked out into the streets full of the joy of gratified destructiveness. He met Alvord, and temerarily agreed to go with him to the lodge that evening. He finally found Blodgett, and informed him of what had been the result of his first morning in the office.

"Well, it's your business, Florian," said he, "but you'll need somebody who knows something about your affairs. And if you go on attending lodge-meetings where you don't know the passwords, and nosing into houses where you don't intend to go, and discharging all the trusted men in your employ, you'll soon have more things to attend to than a couple of mesmerists and an elderly lawyer can take care of! But it's your affair; I've known you too long to try to turn you when you get one of your tantrums on. The smash-up ought to be worth seeing, anyhow!"

XIII

THE MARTYRDOM OF MR. STEVENS

Pietro. Th' offense, it seemeth me,
Is one that by mercy's extremest stretch
Might be o'erpass'd.

Cosimo. Never, Pietro, never!
The Brotherhood's honour untouchable
Is touch'd thereby. We build our labyrinth
Of sacred words and potent spells, and all
The deep-involved horrors of our craft—
Its entrance hedg'd about with dreadful oaths.
And every step in thridding it made dank
By dripping terror and out-seeping awe.
Shall it be said that e'en Ludovico
May break our faith and live? Never, say I!
—Vision of Cosimo.

The Bellevale lodge of the Ancient Order of Christian Martyrs held its meetings in the upper story of a tall building. Mr. Alvord called for Amidon at eight, and took him up, all his boldness in the world of business replaced by wariness in the atmosphere of mystery. As he and his companion went into an anteroom and were given broad collars from which were suspended metal badges called "jewels," he felt a good deal like a spy. They walked into the lodge-room where twenty-five or thirty men with similar "jewels" sat smoking and

chatting. All seemed to know him, but (much to his relief) before he could be included in the conversation, the gavel fell; certain ones with more elaborate "jewels" and more ornate collars than the rest took higher-backed and more highly upholstered chairs at the four sides of the room, another stood at the door; and still another, in complete uniform, with sword and belt, began hustling the members to seats.

"The Deacon Militant," said the

Amidon started, and looked about for aid or avenue of escape. Seeing none, he warily watched the Deacon Militant. That officer, walking in the military fashion which, as patristic literature teaches, was adopted by the early Christians, and turning square corners as was the habit of St. Paul and the Apostles, received whispered passwords from the two or three strangers, and, with a military salute, announced that all present had been put to the test and



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"An avalanche of tinware and such light and noisy articles"

wielder of the gavel, "will report if all present are known and tested members of our Dread and Mystic Conclave."

"All, Most Sovereign Pontiff," responded the Deacon Militant, who proved to be the man in the uniform, "save certain strangers who appear within the confines of our sacred basilica."

"Let them be tested," commanded the Sovereign Pontiff, "and, if brethren, welcomed; if spies, executed!"

welcomed. Then, for the first time remembering that he was not among the strangers, so far as known to the lodge, Amidon breathed freely, and rather regretted the absence of executions.

"Bring forth the Mystic Symbols of the Order!" was the next command. The Mystic Symbols were placed on a stand in the middle of the room, and turned out to be a gilt fish about the size of a four-pound bass, a jar of human bones, and a rolled-up scroll said to

contain the Gospels. The fish, as explained by the Deacon Militant, typified a great many things connected with early Christianity, and served always to remind us of the password of the order. The relics in the jar were the bones of martyrs. The scroll was the Book of the Law. Amidon was becoming impressed: the solemn and ornate ritual and the dreadful symbols sent shivers down his inexperienced and unfraternal spine. Breaking in with uninitiated eyes, as he had done, now seemed more and more a crime.

There was an "Opening Ode" which was so badly sung as to mitigate the awe; and an "order of business" solemnly gone through. Under the head "Good of the Order" the visiting brethren spoke as if it were a class-meeting and they giving "testimony," one of them very volubly reminding the assembly of the great principles of the order, and the mighty work it had already accomplished in ameliorating the condition of a lost and wandering world. Amidon felt that he must have been very blind in failing to note this work until it was thus forced upon his notice; but he made a mental apology.

"By the way, Brassfield," said Mr. Slater during a recess preceding the initiation of candidates, "you want to give Stevens the best you've got in the Catacombs scene. Will you make it just straight ritual, or throw in some of those specialties of yours?"

"Stevens! Catacombs!" gasped Amidon, "specialties! I—"

"I wish you could have been here when I was put through," went on Mr. Slater. "I don't see how any one but a professional actor, or a person with your dramatic gifts, can do that part at all—it's so sort of ripping and—and intense, you know. I look forward to your rendition of it with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation."

"You don't expect me to do it, do you?" asked Amidon.

"Why, who else?" was the counter-question. "We can't be expected to play on the bench the best man in Pennsylvania in that part, can we?"

"Come, Brassfield," said the Sover-

eign Pontiff, "get on your regalia for the Catacombs. We are about to begin."

"Oh, say, now!" said Amidon, trying to be offhand about it, "you must get somebody else."

"What's that! Some one else? Very likely we shall! Very likely!" thus the Sovereign Pontiff with fine scorn. "Come, the regalia, and no nonsense!"

"I—I may be called out at any moment," urged Amidon, amidst an outcry that seemed to indicate a breach with the Martyrs then and there. "There are reasons why—"

Edgington took him aside. "Is there any truth in this story," said he, "that you have had some trouble with Stevens, and discharged him?"

"Oh, that Stevens!" gasped Amidon, as if the whole discussion had hinged on picking out the right one among an army of Stevenses. "Yes, it's true, and I can't help confer this—"

Edgington whispered to the Sovereign Pontiff; and the announcement was made that in the Catacombs scene Brother Brassfield would be excused and Brother Bulliwinkle substituted.

"I know I never, in any plane of consciousness, saw any of this, or knew any of these things," thought Florian. "It is incredible!"

Conviction, however, was forced upon him by the fact that he was now made to don a black domino and mask, and to march, carrying a tin-headed spear, with a file of similar figures to examine the candidate, who turned out to be Stevens, sitting in an anteroom, foolish and apprehensive, and looking withal much as he had done in the counting-room. He was now asked by the leader of the file, in a sepulchral tone, several formal questions, among others whether he believed in a Supreme Being. Stevens gulped, and said "Yes." He was then asked if he was prepared to endure any ordeal to which he might be subjected, and warned that unless he possessed nerves of steel, he had better turn back—for which measure there was yet time. Stevens, in a faint voice, indicated that he was ready for the worst, and desired to go on. Then all (except Amidon) in awesome accents

intoned, "Be brave and obedient, and all may yet be well!" and they passed back into the lodge-room. Amidon was now thoroughly impressed, and wondered whether Stevens would be able to endure the terrible trials hinted at.

Clad in a white robe "typifying innocence," and marching to minor music played upon a piano, Stevens was escorted several times around the darkened room, stopping from time to time at the station of some officer, to receive highly improving lectures. Every time he was asked if he were willing to do anything, or believed anything, he said "Yes." Finally, with the Scroll of the Law in one hand, and with the other resting on the Bones of Martyrs, surrounded by the brethren whose drawn swords and leveled spears threatened death, he repeated an obligation which bound him not to do a great many things, and to keep the secrets of the order. To Amidon it seemed really awful—albeit somewhat florid in style; and when Alvord nudged him at one passage in the obligation, he resented it as an irreverence. Then he noted that it was a pledge to maintain the sanctity of the family circle of brother Martyrs, and Alvord's reference of the night before to the obligation as affecting his association with the "strawberry blonde" took on new and fearful meaning.

Stevens seemed to be vibrating between fright and a tendency to laugh, as the voice of some well-known fellow citizen rumbled out from behind a deadly weapon. He was marched out, to the same minor music, and the first act was ended.

The really esoteric part of it, Amidon felt, was to come, as he could see no reason for making a secret of these very solemn and improving matters. Stevens felt very much the same way about it, and was informed that the next degree would test his obedience. He highly resolved to obey to the letter.

The next act disclosed Stevens hoodwinked, and the room light. He was informed that he was in the Catacombs, familiar to the Early Christians, and must make his way alone and in darkness, following the Clue of Faith which

was placed in his hands. This Clue was a white cord similar to the sort used by masons (in the building-trades). He groped his way along by it to the station of the next officer, who warned him of the deadly consequences of disobedience. Thence he made his way onward, holding to the Clue of Faith—until he touched a trigger of some sort, which let down upon him an avalanche of tinware and such light and noisy articles, which frightened him so that he started to run, and was dexterously tripped by the Deacon Militant and a spearman, and caught in a net held by two others. A titter ran about the room.

"Obey," thundered the Vice-Pontiff, "and all will be well!"

Stevens resumed the Clue. At the station of the next officer to whom it brought him, the nature of faith was explained to him, and he was given the password, "Ichthus," whispered so that all in that part of the room could hear the interdicted syllables. But he was adjured never, never to utter it, unless to the Guardian of the Portal upon entering the lodge, to the Deacon Militant upon the opening thereof, or to a member, when he, Stevens, should become Sovereign Pontiff. Then he was faced toward the Vice-Pontiff, and told to answer loudly and distinctly the questions asked him.

"What is the lesson inculcated in this Degree?" asked the Vice-Pontiff from the other end of the room.

"Obedience!" shouted Stevens in reply.

"What is the password of this Degree?"

"Ichthus!" responded Stevens.

A roll of stage-thunder sounded deafeningly over his head. The piano was swept by a storm of bass passion; and deep cries of "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every side. Poor Stevens tottered, and fell into a chair placed by the Deacon Militant. He saw the enormity of the deed of shame he had committed. He had told the password!

"You have all heard this treason," said the Sovereign Pontiff, in the deepest of chest-tones—"a treason unknown in all the centuries of the past! What is the will of the conclave?"

"I would imprecate upon the traitor's

head," said a voice from one of the high-backed chairs, "the ancient doom of the Law!"

"Doom, doom!" said all in unison, holding the "oo" in a most blood-curdling way. "Pronounce doom!"

"One fate, and one alone," pronounced the Sovereign Pontiff, "can be yours. Brethren, let him forthwith be encased in the Chest of the Clanking Chains, and hurled from the Tarpeian Rock, to be dashed in fragments at its stony base!"

Amidon's horror was modified by the evidences of repressed glee with which this sentence was received. Yet he felt a good deal of concern as they brought out a great chest, threw the struggling Stevens into it, slammed down the ponderous lid and locked it. Stevens kicked at the lid, but said nothing. The members leaped with joy. A great chain was brought and wrapped clankingly about the chest.

"Let me out," now yelled the Christian Martyr. "Let me out, damn you!"

"Doom, do-o-o-oom!" roared the voices; and said the Sovereign Pontiff, "Proceed with the execution!"

Now the chest was slung up to a hook in the ceiling, and gradually drawn back by a pulley until it was far above the heads of the men, the chains meanwhile clanking continually against the receptacle, from which came forth a stream of smothered profanity.

"Hurl him down to the traitor's death!" shouted the Sovereign Pontiff. The chest was loosed, and swung like a pendulum lengthwise of the room, down almost to the floor and up nearly to the ceiling. The profanity now turned into a yell of terror. The Martyrs slapped one another's backs and grew blue in their faces with laughter. At a signal, a light box was placed where the chest would crush it (which it did with a sound like a small railway collision); the chest was stopped and the lid raised.

"Let the body receive Christian burial," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Our vengeance ceases with death."

This truly Christian sentiment was received with universal approval. Death seemed to all a good place at which to stop.

"Brethren," said the Deacon Militant, as he struggled with the resurgent Stevens, "there seems some life here! Me-thinks the heart beats, and——"

The remainder of the passage from the ritual was lost to Amidon by reason of the fact that Stevens had placed one foot against the Deacon's stomach and hurled that august officer violently to the floor.

"Let every test of life be applied," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Perchance some higher will than ours decrees his preservation. Take the body hence for a time; if possible, restore him to life, and we will consider his fate."

The recess which followed was clearly necessary to afford an opportunity for the calming of the risibilities of the Martyrs. The stage, too, had to be reset. Amidon's ethnological studies had not equaled his reading in belles-lettres, and he was unable to see the deep significance of these rites from a historical standpoint, and that here was a survival of those orgies to which our painted and skin-clad ancestors devoted themselves in spasms of religious frenzy, gazed at by the cave-bear and the mammoth. The uninstructed Amidon regarded them as inconceivable horse-play. While thus he mused, Stevens, who was still hoodwinked and being greatly belectured upon the virtue of Faith and the duty of Obedience, reentered upon his ordeal.

He was now informed by the officer at the other end of the room, that every man must ascend into the Mountains of Temptation and be tested, before he could be pronounced fit for companionship with Martyrs. Therefore, a weary climb heavenward was before him, and a great trial of his fidelity. Upon his patience, daring and fortitude depended all his future in the Order. He was marched to a ladder and bidden to ascend.

"I," said the Deacon Militant, "upon this companion-stair will accompany you."

But there was no other ladder and the Deacon Militant had to stand upon a chair.

Up the ladder labored Stevens, but,

though he climbed manfully, he remained less than a foot above the floor. The ladder went down like a treadmill, as Stevens climbed—it was an endless ladder rolled down on Stevens' side and up on the other. The Deacon Militant, from his perch on the chair, encouraged Stevens to climb faster so as not to be outstripped. With labored breath and straining muscles he climbed, the Martyrs rolling on the floor in merriment all the more violent because silent. Amidon himself laughed to see this strenuous climb, so strikingly like human endeavor, which puts the climber out of breath, and raises him not a whit—except in temperature. At the end of perhaps five minutes, when Stevens might well have believed himself a hundred feet above the roof, he had achieved a dizzy height of perhaps six feet, on the summit of a stage-property mountain, where he stood beside the Deacon Militant, his view of the surrounding plain cut off by papier-mâché clouds, and facing a foul fiend to whom the Deacon Militant confided that here was a candidate to be tested and qualified. Whereupon the foul fiend remarked "Ha, ha!" and bade them bind him to the Plutonian Thunderbolt and hurl him down to the nether world. The thunderbolt was a sort of toboggan on rollers, for which there was a slide running down presumably to the nether world, above mentioned.

The hoodwink was removed, and Stevens looked about him, treading warily like one on the top of a tower; the great height of the mountain made him giddy. Obediently he lay face downward upon the thunderbolt, and yielded up his wrists and ankles to fastenings provided for them.

"They're not going to lower him with those cords, are they?"

It was a stage-whisper from the darkness which spake thus.

"Oh, I guess it's safe enough!" said another, in the same sort of agitated whisper.

"Safe!" was the reply. "I tell you, it's sure to break! Some one stop 'em——"

To the heart of the martyred Stevens

these words struck panic. But as he opened his mouth to protest, the catastrophe occurred. There was a snap, and the toboggan shot downward. Bound as he was, the victim could see below him a brick wall right across the path of his descent. He was helpless to move; it was useless to cry out. For all that, as he felt in imagination the crushing shock of his head driven like a battering-ram against this wall, he uttered a roar such as from Achilles might have roused armed nations to battle. And even as he did so, his head touched the wall, there was a crash, and Stevens lay safe on a mattress after his ten-foot slide, surrounded by fragments of red-and-white paper which had lately been a wall. He was pale and agitated, and generally done for; but tremendously relieved when he had assured himself of the integrity of his cranium. This he did by repeatedly feeling of his head, and looking at his fingers for sanguinary results. As Amidon looked at him, he repented of what he had done to this thoroughly maltreated fellow man. After the Catacombs scene, which was supposed to be impressive, and some more of the "secret" work, everybody crowded about Stevens, now invested with the collar and "jewel" of Martyrhood, and laughed, and congratulated him as upon some great achievement, while he looked half pleased and half bored. Amidon with the rest greeted him, and told him that after his vacation was over, he hoped to see him back at the office.

"That was a fine exemplification of the principles of the Order," said Alvord as they went home.

"What was?" asked Amidon.

"Hiring old Stevens back," answered Alvord. "You've got to live your principles, or they don't amount to much."

"Suppose some fellow should get into a lodge," asked Amidon, "who had never been initiated?"

"Well," said Alvord, "there isn't much chance of that. I shouldn't dare to say. You can't tell what the fellows would do when such sacred things were profaned, you know. You couldn't tell what they might do!"

XIV

THE TREASON OF ISEGRIM THE WOLF

Then up and spake Reynard the Fox, King
Leo's throne before:

"My clients, haled before you, Sire, deserve not
frown nor roar!

These flocks and herds and sties, dread lord,
should thanks give for our care—

The care of Isegrim the Wolf, and Bruin strong,
the Bear!

Its usefulness, its innocence, our Syndicate
protests.

We crave the Court's support for our legitimate
interests!" —An Appeal to King Leo.

The sifting of St. Peter
Seems quite credible to me,
When I see what's done to absentees
At our Society! —Annals of Sorosis.

Any business man will be able to appreciate the difficulties which beset the president of the Brassfield Oil Company, upon the discharge of Mr. Stevens. On the morning after the lodge-meeting, behold Mr. Amidon at his desk, contemplating a rising pile of unanswered letters. His countenance expresses defeat, despair and aversion. His politeness toward Miss Strong is never-failing; but that he is not himself grows more and more apparent to that young woman.

"Here's the third letter from the Bayonne refinery," she said. "An immediate reply is demanded."

"Oh, yes," said Amidon, "certainly; that has gone too long! We must get at that matter at once: let me see the contracts and correspondence."

"That is the business," said Miss Strong, "which they claimed to have arranged with you in a conversation over the long-distance 'phone. That's what seems to be the matter with them—they want to make a record of it."

"I don't remember— Well," said Amidon, "lay that by for a moment. And this piece of business with the A. B. & C. Railway. Who knows anything about this claim for demurrage?"

"Mr. Stevens," said Miss Strong, "had that in hand, and said he told you all about it before you went away, and that you were going to see about it in—"

"In New York, I suppose!" exclaimed Amidon. "Well, I didn't. Can't you

and Mr. Alderson take up this pile of letters and bring 'em to me with the correspondence, and—and papers—and things? I've been too lax in the past, in not referring to the records. I must have the records, Miss Strong, in every case."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Strong; "since we adopted that new system of filing, I don't see how the records can be made any fuller, or how you can be more fully acquainted with them than you now are—"

"Not at all," asseverated Mr. Amidon. "I find myself uncertain as to a great many things. Let's have the records constantly."

"Yes, sir, but these are cases where there isn't anything. Nobody but you and Mr. Stevens knows anything about them."

"Well, I can't answer them now," protested Mr. Amidon. "I've a headache! My—my mind isn't clear—is confused on some of these things; and they'll all have to wait awhile. Who's that tapping? Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Alderson—you startled me so that I— Mr. Edgington here? Well, why don't you show him in? After luncheon, Miss Strong, you may come in again."

Mr. Edgington had a tightly curled mustache, a pink flush upon his cheeks, wore an obviously new sack suit, had a carnation in his buttonhole, came in with an air of marked hurry, and carried a roll of papers.

"I thought I must have a talk with you," said he, "on the evidence in that Bunn's Ferry land case. The time for taking evidence is rapidly passing, and the court warned us that it wouldn't be extended again. That proof you must furnish, or we shall be beaten."

"Yes—yes, I see," said Amidon, who knew absolutely nothing about the matter. "We should feel really annoyed by such a termination!"

"Annoyed!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Say, Brassfield, you remind me of Artemus Ward's statement that he was 'ashamed' when some one died! You'd lose the best wells you've got. And it would involve those transfers to the Waldrons, and might carry them down."

"The Waldrons!" exclaimed Florian.

"Why, I mean Miss Bessie and her aunt," said Edgington. "I mean bankruptcy—— But we've gone all over that before."

Amidon nodded, with an air of knowing all.

"Lots of time," said he. "And this evidence is——? Please give me the exact requirements——er, again."

"The exact requirements," said Edgington, "as I have frequently shown you, and without its doing much good, are to prove that some time in March, 1896, you did not make a partnership agreement with this man Corkery by which you were to share with him the proceeds of your oil-prospecting, and under which he went into possession of this tract of land. He has a line of testimony which shows that you did. Proving a negative is rather unusual, but about the only thing which will save you is an alibi. Now you must pardon the expression, but you've always evaded my questions as to your whereabouts prior to June of that year. You've never flatly denied Corkery's story, but if it weren't for the inherent improbability of it, I'd have given up the fight long ago, for you have not helped as a client should. You haven't confided——"

"But I will!" said Amidon, energetically. "The man's a perjurer, and I'll prove it! All that time I was in Wisconsin. I was—I'll prove where I was——"

"Good!" cried Edgington, noting a tendency to falter. "And now for the names and addresses of a few witnesses, and we'll go after them!"

"Witnesses—yes, yes—we shall need witnesses, won't we?" faltered Amidon. "Say, Mr. Edgington, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll turn you over to Blodgett."

"The old gentleman at the hotel?"

"The same," replied Amidon. "He was my lawyer, years ago. I'll send him to you this afternoon."

Edgington made some notes in a book.

"Very well," said he. "I'm glad that puzzle is in process of solution. And

now one thing further, and I am done. This is a question of local politics. You know the talks we've had with the fellows about this trolley franchise, and the advisability of making you mayor. We all agree that your interests and mine and those of all our crowd demand your election to the place——"

"Me mayor!" shouted Amidon. "Me run for office! Why, Mr. Edgington, you must be crazy!"

"Well, this—certainly—is—refreshing!" expostulated Edgington, in apparent amazement. "When can anything be supposed settled, between gentlemen, if that isn't? Why, confound it, didn't we make up the complete slate, including control of the Common Council? And aren't we to have an exclusive franchise on all the streets, with your signature as mayor? Of course, you're joking now. But since you've come back from this trip of yours, everything seems to be going in unexpected ways—and somehow you've given offense to Conlon, the labor leader. Do you know what it was?"

"No," answered Amidon, with some heat. "I don't know what it was! I don't know Conlon, and I don't know anything about this business except this: that if you think I'm going to sneak into office for the purpose of stealing the streets of this town, you don't know Florian Amidon, that's all!"

"Don't know what? Don't know whom?"

"Don't know Flo—ah—me! Me!"

"Then you won't see Barney Conlon?"

"I won't foul my hands with the dirty mess! I won't——"

"Dirty mess, indeed!" retorted Edgington, "when the best business men—— Oh, well, if that's the way you feel—— Why didn't you say so, instead of—— I think we'd best not discuss the thing any further, Mr. Brassfield; and returning to legal matters, where we are happily at one, let me remind you that you are to send Judge Blodgett up to see me regarding the Corkery case this afternoon. Good day, Mr. Brassfield!"

(To be continued)

THE MARCH OF MAN

By MAXIM GORKY

I

WHEN my spirits are low, and the mind grows weary; when Memory revives the shadows of the past, and their cold breath freezes my heart; when impassive Thought sheds her cold light upon the dismal chaos of the present and impotently hovers about the same spot, unable to soar higher up and forward—in these hours of languor I put before my mind's eye the majestic figure of Man!

Man! Methinks a sun springs up within me: there, in the heavenly light, he is marching, ever forward, ever upward: splendid and sorrowful, inscrutable Man!

I see his proud brow, his bold, lustrous eyes aglow with light of fearless, world-conceiving Thought, of the mighty power that makes gods in hours of ennui, and dethrones them in hours of wakefulness.

Lost in the solitudes of the cosmic desert, alone on a lump of earth that is borne with measureless haste through the infinite depths of space, tortured by his Enigma, "Why do I exist?" he is yet marching boldly ahead, forward and upward, bent on mastering the secrets of heaven and earth.

And as he is marching, forsaken, defiant, he builds sober Science out of his trials; with his life-blood he fattens the ground he treads on—and it brings forth Poesy's perennial flowers; his rebellious soul cries out in travail—in strains of heavenly music. Step by step, higher and higher doth he mount, shedding his heavenly light, making life richer and nobler: he is the guiding star of his earth.

And far ahead of life, far above the crowd, lies his path; there, alone with Nature's Riddles, armed with Reason's weapons, he is advancing. Now quick as the lightning-flash, now placid, or keen as the sharpest blade, are his thoughts.

A host of errors, his own creatures, press upon him, gripe his proud heart, tear his brain, bring the crimson of shame to his face, and invoke him—to destroy them.

Tramp, tramp, tramp: with whining Vanity clamoring, like the impudent beggar, for her tithe; with a host of attachments preying upon his heart, sucking up his warm life-blood; with legions of unholy passions within his breast struggling, shrieking, haggling, seeking to conquer his soul, to strangle his will.

Tramp, tramp, tramp: over thousands of Life's petty troubles, through the every-day mire teeming with vermin.

March, march, march: like the sun he is surrounded by a crowd of satellites, children of his own spirit.

There is ever-hungry Love, always at his side; there is limping Friendship, straggling far behind; there is worn-out Hope, marching in front of him; there is mad Hatred, rattling the chains that Patience put on her arms. Then there is dark-eyed Faith, peering into his rebellious face, ever ready to enclose him in her restful embrace.

Arrayed with tatters of old Beliefs, foul with poison of Superstition, they enviously stalk behind Thought, grumbling and haggling and disputing her dominion. For they cannot overtake her, as the raven cannot overtake the eagle. And but seldom can they unite their voice with the voice of Thought in one mighty chorus.

Here also is Man's eternal mate—silent Death: ever ready to bekiss his throbbing heart, his heart that panteth after life.

In his immortal retinue Man knows every one; and one more does he know—Madness.

A winged monster is she, mighty and swift like a tempest; and like a tempest is she raging around Thought, seeking to draw her into a frenzied whirl.

Yea, he knows all of them: weak, imperfect, monstrous creatures of his own spirit are they all.

And only Thought is Man's friend, and to her is he cleaving, for it is her light that illumines his path, pierces the darkness of Life's Riddles, of Nature's Secrets, and of the dismal chaos in his own heart.

A free and true friend is she, and nothing escapes her gaze.

She knows Love's vile and cunning tricks, her cringing mien, enticing ways, and the stamp of rank lust upon her face. On the face of Hope she reads impotence and timidity, and behind Hope she sees her twin-sister Deceit: bedizened, bedaubed Deceit, full of sweet words, ever ready to beguile Man and to console him—with a lie. In the warmish heart of Friendship, Thought feels the calculating prudence, the cruel, empty curiosity, the foul ulcers of envy, with the germs of calumny in them.

Sovereign Thought knows also the hidden power of black Hate. Yea, she knows that Hate, once unchained, would fain destroy all on earth; would not even spare the tender shoots of Justice.

In Faith, Thought reveals a longing to enslave Man's feelings, a craving for unbounded domination. Thought exposes in Faith the hidden claws of Fanaticism, the impotence of her sluggish wings, and the blindness of her empty eyes.

Thought, sovereign Thought, by whose wondrous power Brute was changed into Man; by whose power Sciences, Philosophies, Gods, were created—immortal, free Thought abhors Death, and is at war with that fruitless and often malicious power.

For unto a ragman does Thought compare Death—unto an

unscrupulous ragman, who searches the back yards for offal and refuse, and surreptitiously gathers into his foul bag the good and the quick.

Foul with decay, wrapped in horror unspeakable as with a mantle, impassive, formless, silent Death stands like a dark and terrible riddle before Man, and Thought is jealously studying her, madly defiant, sunlike, creative, and proudly conscious of her own immortality.

So is Man treading his path, through the dismal Darkness of Nature's Riddles, ever advancing, mounting higher and ever higher!

II

Now, he is weary, he staggers, he moans with pain; his frightened heart seeks Faith, and loudly begs the tender caresses of Love.

And three monsters, three horrible weakness-born monsters, Loneliness, Despondency, Despair, hover over his soul, chanting a song of Man's littleness, of Reason's futility, of the impotence of Thought, of Man's noble pride that is but in vain, of Man's dissolution—the end of his labors.

And his torn heart trembles under the mocking and lying song, darts of Doubt enter his soul, and his eye is bedimmed with a tear.

And if Man's Pride rebel not within him, dread of Death will drive him into the dungeon of Faith. Then Love, victoriously smiling, will draw him into her embrace, and under the mask of loud promises of happiness, she will hide her own chains of bondage, and the insatiable cravings of Lust.

Timid Hope, in league with Deceit, will sing of the joys of rest, of the blissfulness of peace, and with lullabies sweet sing asleep the somnolent spirit.

Then Man will drop into the mire of Lassitude, and into the arms of Sloth; and, in obedience to his short-sighted senses, he will then hasten to fill his mind and heart with the sweet poison of the cynical and false teaching which claims that no path is open to Man but one leading to the cattle-pen of Self-gratification.

But Thought is proud and Man is dear to her; and within his own breast she wages war for the freedom of his soul.

And like an enemy does she harass him, mercilessly she tortures him, ceaselessly gnaws at his brain, lays waste his breast and hardens his heart by her freezing blasts of longing for stern and naked Truth—for the wise, Thought-borne, though slow-growing, Truth, that like some beautiful fiery flower can now be discerned through the thick mist of Errors.

But if Man be poisoned by Deceit, if he firmly believe there is no happiness on earth but having one's fill of pleasure and meat, and no pleasure but rest and the petty comforts of life—then Thought, a prisoner of triumphing Lust, will listlessly droop her

wings and dream away, leaving Man in the power of his own Flesh.

Then, like a pestilent cloud, will Sloth descend upon Man, envelop him in a loathsome mist, blind his eyes, fatten his heart and dull his very brain; and, changed by his weakness into an unthinking and undignified brute, Man will lose his own self. But anon, Man's noble Indignation inflames within him, Thought reawakes out of her slumbers, and, once more free, Man marches ahead, alone through the thorns of his Errors, alone among the fleeting sparks of his Doubts, alone amidst the ruins of his decayed Beliefs!

Majestic, proud and free, he fearlessly faces Truth, and thus he speaks to his Doubts:

"You are wrong when you claim that but limited are the powers of my soul. Nay, they are growing within me: I know it, I see and I feel it, for in the very growth of my suffering do I see the growth of my soul; and were it not so my suffering would not be growing apace!

"For with every step do my longings increase, my feelings grow keener, my insight deepen—and this, I know, is but the growth of my soul.

"It is only like a spark within me now, but what of that? Are not sparks mothers of conflagrations?

"And I am the coming conflagration in the darkness of the world.

"I am here to bring Light into the world, to disperse the Darkness of its profoundest Mysteries; I am here to put myself in accord with the Universe, and to create Harmony within my own breast; I am here to flood with a purifying Light the black chaos of mundane life that covers this long-suffering earth with a loathsome crust of misery and affliction, of malice and of iniquity. And I am here to sweep all this venomous mire into the grave of the past!

"I am here to loose the coils of Error and Superstition that compress Humanity into a bleeding mass of struggling and mutually devouring brutes; I am created by Thought to overthrow, to destroy, to trample underfoot all that is superannuated, all that is vile, narrow and malicious, and to erect a new Edifice on Thought's immutable foundations of Freedom, of Beauty, and of Regard for Man!

"I am the implacable enemy of the shameful poverty of human aspirations. I wish every one to be—a Man!

"Absurd, shameful and abhorrent is this life where the days of the many are spent in ceaseless and hopeless thralldom, that the few may have their fill of bread and of the gifts of the spirit!

"Cursed be the sticky cobwebs of all prejudices, superstitions and habits that entangle the minds of Men; they are obstacles in the course of life, and I shall destroy them!

"My weapon is Thought; and my immutable trust in her

freedom, in her immortality, and in the eternity of her creative powers is the inexhaustible source of my strength!

"In the utmost Darkness of Life, in the chaos of her shameful errors, Thought is my only true and unerring pillar of light; and as I see her fires burning ever brighter and brighter, her beams penetrating ever deeper and deeper into the abysses of Nature's Mysteries, I follow in her wake, immortal, and rise ever higher and higher.

"Thought knows of no strongholds she could not reduce; she knows of no idols she could not dethrone, neither in heaven nor on earth. For she created them all, and it is her inalienable right to destroy whatever stands in the way of her growth.

"Well do I know that prejudices are but fragments of old Beliefs; that the clouds of Errors which float over the surface of life are only the ashes of old Beliefs consumed by the fires of Thought that created them once.

"Yea, I do know that the victors are not those who gather the spoils of victory, but those who perish on the field of battle.

"It is the creative power of Thought that gives life to Life, and that power is sufficient unto herself and is boundless!

"As I go a-burning, I wish to burn away with the brightest possible flame, that the Light might penetrate the deepest into the Darkness of Life. And to perish—is my only reward!

"Other rewards I need not: power, domination, is a shame and a bore; pelf is burdensome and foolish; and glory itself is but a superstition born of Men's inability to know their own worth, and of their slavish habits of self-abasement.

"My Doubts, sparks of Thought are you all, nothing more! Through ceaseless self-examination, in the superabundance of her fecundity she gave birth to you all, and with her own life-blood is she nourishing you.

"And it will come to pass, some day a mighty and holy flame will be kindled in my breast, an immortal flame, Thought-born, Emotion-fed, and with that flame shall I burn out of my soul all that is base, cruel and malicious.

"Then shall I become as the gods that my spirit had been creating!

"All is in Man, all is for Man!"

Thus speaks Man.

And, with head proudly uplifted, majestic and free, he is slowly and firmly marching on, over the ashes of Superstitions, alone amidst the gray mist of Errors; alone, with the dark clouds of the Past behind him, and with legions of Riddles in front of him, awaiting his coming.

Numberless are the Riddles, like the stars in the bottomless sky, and endless is the Path of Man!

This is the march of rebellious Man; thus is he advancing in his path, mounting higher and ever higher!



JOSEPH PALAFOX
The heroic defender of Saragossa

THE GREAT SIEGES OF HISTORY

SARAGOSSA; DROGHEDA; LONDONDERRY

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Illustrations from old engravings

THE modern siege which is without parallel in military history, for the like of which one has to go back to the ancient tales of Troy, Jerusalem, Numantia and Saguntum, was the siege of Saragossa in 1808-9. For energy and persistency on the part of the besiegers and for heroism and devotion on the part of the besieged, it has never been surpassed. Its duration was marked by many examples of the most splendid courage on both sides, and it was not surrendered until the casualties of war and the ravages of pestilence had placed hors de combat over seventy thousand out of the total population, including the garrison, of less than one hundred thousand; and until the surviving defenders were in such a state of prostration that they were scarcely able to walk.

In the long course of its history from its foundation in 25 B. C., Saragossa had more than once given evidence that it was worthy of its imperial name, for the first of the emperors of the world had called it Cæsar Augustus, after himself, which by natural contraction had become Saragossa. Upon the downfall of the Roman Empire in the West, after a splendid defense it was taken by the Goths in 466. When the Gothic kingdom was overwhelmed by the deluge of Islam, it was seized by the Moors, in 712. Four hundred years later, in 1118, Alonzo the Fighter (El Batallador) wrested it from the Moors. Beneath its walls, in 1710, the English under Stanhope defeated the French under Philip V.

In the eighteenth century it blocked the way of Napoleon's marshals. On



CAPTURE OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT, SARAGOSSA, BY THE FRENCH

the 15th of June, 1808, General Lefebvre invested it with ten thousand men. Joseph Palafox, the youthful scion of an ancient and noble family of Aragon, was called to defend it. He was without military experience, but he associated with himself veteran soldiers and men of talent and courage. To a summons to surrender he returned the immortal words, "War to the knife and the knife to the hilt!"

The French rushed to the attack on the 16th and gained the suburbs of the city, but their advance raised such a ferocious and unexpected opposition that they withdrew and began a regular siege. Palafox left the city, rallied a force and attempted to relieve the town, but his ill-disciplined Spanish levies were defeated with a loss of three thousand by two regiments of the French veterans. Palafox then reentered the city, committing the charge of the relief operations to his brothers. He and the curate of San Calvo, and two devoted peasants, Tio (Goodman) Martin and

Tio George, threw themselves heart and soul into the defense.

Lefebvre, who had made indifferent progress, was succeeded by Verdier. The place was stormed on the 4th of August, after a fierce cannonading, which breached the inconsiderable walls that then defended it. The French forced their way into the city with great slaughter, fighting from street to street, house to house, until they reached a broad thoroughfare called the Cosso. Here they were checked by the valor of the defenders. There was a week of desperate fighting within the city, with results distinctly unfavorable to the French. On the 10th, the French abandoned the siege and retired from the city, leaving much of their supply- and artillery-train to the inhabitants.

The famous retreat of Sir John Moore, and Napoleon's marvelous operations thereafter, placed Joseph Bonaparte on the throne at Madrid. Almost the last place held for the Bourbon king by the loyal Spanish was Saragossa. On the

20th of December, Marshals Moncey and Mortier sat down before it with some forty thousand French soldiers. The inhabitants had learned the lesson of experience. In the interim the weak walls had been strengthened, the convents—massive structures of stone—had been turned into citadels. Redouts had been erected, and ramparts covered with batteries of guns. Unfortunately, most of the guns were of small caliber.

Saragossa was a very compact city. Its houses were all of stone, of immensely solid construction. The streets were narrow, and throughout the city were upward of sixty enormous churches, convents, monasteries, hospitals, schools, each one of which was turned into a formidable fortress. The inhabitants, expecting the siege, had put aside their ordinary vocations to prepare for it. The doors and windows of the houses had been walled up. Openings had been broken through the party walls, allowing free passage to the defenders. Barricades had been erected in every street and lined with cannon. The English had abundantly provided the defenders with small-arms and ammunition. Vast stores of provisions had been accumulated. There were thirty thousand regular troops of the Spanish army in garrison; indifferent antagonists on an open field, but to show themselves formidable in defense. These were reinforced by twenty thousand men of the city, of all ranks and classes. The fifty thousand defenders were to protect nearly forty thousand women and children.

Subtracting those used to guard communications, the French brought to the siege thirty-five thousand of the finest troops in the world. Among

them was the famous Fourteenth of the line, fresh from its triumphs at Eylau. The siege was pushed vigorously. Outlying redouts were captured; sorties which were constantly made by the Spanish were repulsed; parallels were opened, and the walls were approached in the most scientific manner.

The strife was one of engineers, General Lacoste, the French, being opposed by Colonel San Genis, the Spanish. A battery of heavy guns was brought up, and from the 16th of January the bombardment was continuous. No fewer than sixteen thousand shells were hurled into the city before its final capture. The heavy guns made great breaches in the walls. The convent of St. Joseph was captured on the 11th, the Spanish within it dying to a man. A tête-du-pont over the river Huerba was captured by the 15th. The French lines were carried across the Huerba on the 21st; great breaches were made in the walls by the 26th. On the 27th, the great Marshal Lannes supplanted Junot, who had succeeded Moncey in command. At noon on the 29th, Lannes simultaneously launched sweeping assaults with four separate columns against the breaches in the walls. The marshal led one of the columns in person. The fighting lasted all day, and positions were taken

and retaken over and over. Finally, the French were successful at all points and the city wall for one-third of its length was retained. The castles and convents commanding it fell into the hands of the besiegers.

But though the wall of the town was in the possession of the besiegers, the troubles of the French were only beginning. Every house, every street, every public building was



MARSHAL LANNES
The conqueror of Saragossa

a citadel. The French, in despair of their usual methods, resorted to mining. They literally blasted their way into the town. At first they used too heavy charges of powder and the destruction of one house simply exposed them to the fire of another. In order to procure cover for themselves, they tried only to blow up the interior of the houses, leaving the outside walls standing. When a house became untenable, the Spanish saturated its beams and floors with turpentine and set fire to it, erecting a barrier of flame between themselves and the French. The loss of the assailants was one hundred a day; that of the defenders, four and five hundred, for pestilence, brought about by the crowded condition of the city, was ravaging to a frightful degree. Notwithstanding this, fighting was kept up. The French mined and tunneled and blasted and fought, but nothing could check the constancy of the survivors, apparently.

On the 18th of February, a grand assault was delivered. Many mines which had been prepared had been exploded, and, amid a scene of desolation and horror, the great attack was pressed

home; but the place still held. The city was on fire in a dozen places. The plague had unimpeded sway. The dead were rotting in the streets. The slightest wound was infected with gangrene.

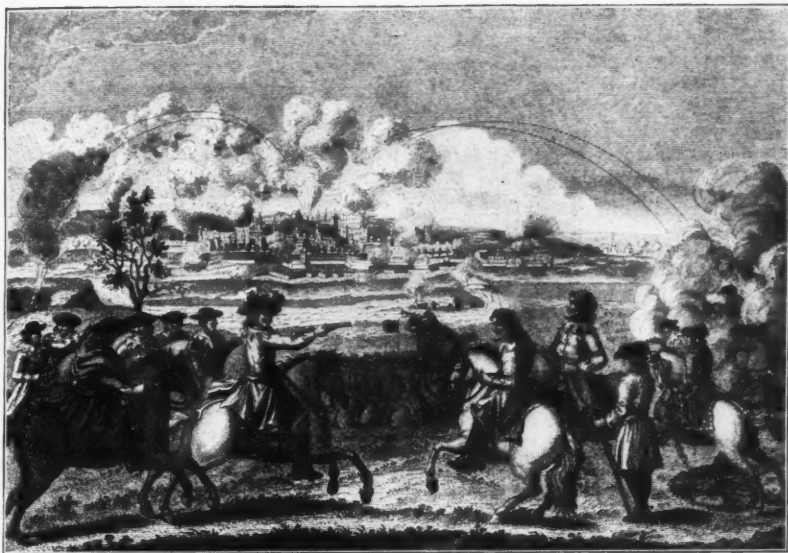
On the 19th, another assault in force was made. There was a promise of renewal on the morrow. Palafox was ill and delirious. George and Martin had been killed. The garrison was worn and wasted beyond description. The Junta surrendered the town on the 20th. Lannes allowed the garrison to march out with the honors of war. Twelve thousand broken, emaciated, battle-grimed, sick, feeble men defiled before the conquering French and threw down their arms.

Romantic legends have been written about the defense, one of them being of Augustina Zaragoza, who is known to romance as "the Maid of Saragossa." Like Molly Pitcher, she is reputed to have fought her husband's cannon when he was stricken by a gun. In general, the women showed as much fortitude as the men. Upon Palafox was bestowed the title of Duke of Saragossa. In spite of promises, he was sent to a French prison,



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"THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA" ENCOURAGING THE DEFENDERS



CROMWELL TAKING DROGHEDA BY STORM

and ruthlessly treated. He survived, however, and at the close of the war returned to his country justly to be hailed as not the least of its many heroes.

Ireland is responsible for two of the most famous sieges of the seventeenth century—Drogheda in 1649, and Londonderry forty years later. Drogheda was anciently one of the four important seaports of the island. It is situated at the mouth of the Boyne and its name signifies "The bridge over the ford." Here, during the Irish espousal of the cause of the Stuarts, a party of three thousand English soldiers was besieged by Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides. With ten thousand of the fiercest troops that ever battled, Cromwell, who was without doubt the first captain of his age, and one of the first of any age, sat down before the town on the 3d of September.

Sir Arthur Ashton and Sir Edmund Verney exerted themselves to the utmost to place the town, which was not easily fortifiable, in a state of defense. On Tuesday, the 11th of September, orders were given to carry all by storm.

The attack was gallantly made and as bravely met. There was a hot struggle in all the breaches and the assailants were beaten back in confusion. Cromwell, who had witnessed the affair from a near-by hill, now put himself at the head of his shattered troops, and led them in person a second time to the attack. The charge was this time pressed home with such vigor that it could not be denied.

The Ironsides entered the town, sweeping everything before them with impetuous valor. Ashton rallied a body of three hundred men on a palisaded hill called the Mill Mount, to carry which would have cost the Parliamentarians dear. A parley with a subordinate Cromwellian took place, and Ashton surrendered, apparently on promise of quarter, and, with his troops, was disarmed. The ruthless Cromwell thereupon promptly ordered them all put to the sword. Unresisting and helpless, they were slaughtered to a man. The order was then passed from Cromwell to his horde of inflamed and bloodthirsty soldiers that no quarter should be given to any of the garrison.

Drogheda that night was a scene of slaughter which recalls Magdeburg and the excesses of Tilley and Wallenstein. Although Cromwell claims that he simply slaughtered men-at-arms, yet he boldly avows that a large number of Roman Catholic priests—all but two—were “knocked on the head.”

Eighty of the defenders took refuge in the steeple of St. Peter's Church. When they were summoned to surrender, they refused. Why should they not refuse, with such an example of mercy as he afforded them? Cromwell completed his infamy by setting fire to the church, and he callously records, without the slightest evidence of feeling, that he himself heard one of the helpless victims crying, “God damn me, God confound me, I burn, I burn!” Fifty of this little handful were shot dead desperately endeavoring to escape, and thirty were burnt alive. Some others of the garrison threw themselves into two strong towers. Cromwell starved them out, and when they surrendered he caused all the officers and every tenth man to be “knocked on the head.” The few prisoners saved were sold into slavery to the Barbadoes.

Cromwell tried to justify his action on two grounds: first, on the plea of revenge for the slaughter by Roman Catholics of Protestants of Ulster, but there is not the slightest evidence that any of the garrison of Drogheda had ever participated in any such slaughter; second, on the ground of military necessity, that the best way to put down a rebellion was to overawe the recalcitrant populace by a frightful example. The example was frightful enough, but the populace was not overawed. The bloody storm at Drogheda burned a red bar sinister across the name and reputation



OLIVER CROMWELL

of the great Englishman which no merit will ever obliterate. To this day the bitterest malediction of Irish hearts is the “curse of Cromwell.” Many times have I heard it from Irish lips.

The siege of Londonderry had a happier termination. Diore, “The place of the oaks,” was founded in A. D. 546 by St. Columba and his monks from

Iona. It is situated on the north coast of Ireland, on the west bank of the River Foyle, four miles from its entrance into an estuary of the sea, a lough of the same name. At high tide ships can come up to the wharves of the town.

When William of Orange invaded England, James II fled to Ireland. Derry, which had been given to the Irish Company of London, and had been rebuilt by them after its sack in one of the internecine disturbances engineered by the O'Neills, had been renamed Londonderry. The English settlers of Ulster declared for William, and assembled in Londonderry. The fortifications were contemptible—grass-grown walls, rusty drawbridges and gates, and no ditch. Seven thousand of the most determined citizens of Ireland, few of them regular soldiers but all capable of splendid service and men of high quality, were gathered within the walls when it was invested by the army of James.

Col. Robert Lundy, who was in command, was secretly in the pay of James and desired nothing better than to yield the town. He summoned his subordinates and the principal citizens and told them that the place was absolutely indefensible; that the best they could do would be to yield on good terms. Thirteen Scottish apprentice-boys took upon themselves to close the gates without orders. The town was left to itself

until the 15th of April, 1689, when James advanced against it with a large army of Irish levies officered by the French veterans of Condé and Turenne.

The citizens elected as commanders Maj. Henry Baker and Capt. Adam Murray, two officers who had been prominent in the previous defense, while Lundy fled for his life and made his escape to the army of James.

The king, imagining that Lundy had arranged matters, summoned the town to yield. He rode within one hundred yards of it when the demand was made—an unusual display of courage on the part of King James II, who, whatever his early exploits, exhibited in later life that last quality which we can forgive in a king, personal cowardice. The citizens of the town roared out, "No surrender, no surrender!" and a cannon from the walls emphasized the same defiant answer by a shot which killed a staff officer by the king's side. The king at once retired; indeed, he retired as far as Dublin. He was good at retiring, this James, for no man ever "retired" in more desperate haste from a stricken field than he did from the Boyne a year later.

The siege was pressed vigorously, and the resistance from its citizens was equally determined. So the warfare dragged along until early in June, when a desperate assault was determined upon in the hope that the city might be seized. Londonderry and Enniskillen were the only towns in Ireland which resisted the authority of James, and much depended upon their capture. Captain Butler led a fierce assault on Windmill Hill, the work which commanded the town. The fighting was hot and close. Four hundred of the

Irish were killed outright on the slopes of the hill, which was not taken. The bolt of the besiegers was shot. There was nothing further they could do now but wait the slow process of starvation.

Londonderry had not been provisioned for a long siege, and as the months wore away and no succor came, the inhabitants fell into the direst straits. On the 15th of June, the watchman from the cathedral tower thrilled his townsmen with the news that he had sighted the masts and sails of ships. This was a squadron of thirty vessels under the command of Gen. Percy Kirke. The besiegers had realized that an attempt would be made to relieve the town, and had closed the channel with an immense boom of logs a quarter of a mile in length. They had further obstructed the passage by driving palisades and sinking boats filled with stone. They had lined both banks of the river with batteries of guns on every convenient point. Kirke examined the obstructions and concluded that it was not possible to force the passage.

This Kirke was a somewhat notorious person in a small way in history. He was one of the most brutal and rapacious of soldiers, and as licentious as he was cruel. He had learned his trade—as he practised it—while Governor of

Tangier, in command of a regiment whose device, in view of the fact that they were believed to be extending Christianity by fighting the infidel!—the Moor—was a paschal lamb. They were called "Kirke's Lambs." And a more lamb-like set of men in the negative sense it would be hard to find. He was a Protestant, however, and had adhered to his religion, such as it was, in spite of every



JAMES II

inducement which King James had held out to him. His reputation was unwarrantably high.

For forty-three days Kirke lay idle in the lough, sending a message now and then by means of some hardy diver or daring spy, which served only to make the townspeople sick with hope deferred. They were ravenous with hunger—so much so that their future course was described with grim and terrible humor in this way: "First, we will eat the horses, then the hides, and then the prisoners, then each other, before we will surrender." Fortunately, they had got only as far as the hides when the siege was ended.

On the 19th of July, James, displeased with the ill success of Hamilton, sent Rosen to take command. The villainous old rascal, furious that such an insignificant place, so poorly protected, should balk him, resorted to all sorts of expedients to capture it. One of them forever stained his name with shame, or would have if anybody remembered him or cared anything about him. He actually sent his cavalry to scour the neighborhood and succeeded in rounding up four thousand helpless noncombatants, old men, women and children, from the destitute peasantry. He drove these wretched people into the open between his lines of investment and the city wall, and calmly announced that unless the place was surrendered, he would let these innocent victims of his wrath die of starvation and exposure. In spite of the entreaties of his officers, Hamilton at their head, he actually held these people for forty-eight hours without food or shelter, and it was not until he received a positive order from James—one of the few good things to that monarch's credit—that he allowed them to return to their homes. Many of the more feeble had perished in the interim.

Finally Kirke yielded to the urgency of one of his brave captains—Micaiah Browning, who had been born in Londonderry and could no longer endure the thought of his friends and fellow-townsmen starving to death in the sight of plenty, without an effort being made to relieve them. Captain Browning

commanded the "Mountjoy," a large merchant-ship. Associated with him was another transport, the "Phoenix," commanded by Capt. Alexander Douglass. These ships were laden to the hatch-covers with provisions. The two merchant-captains volunteered to make the attempt to reach the town. They not only volunteered, but insisted upon the acceptance of their proffers. Capt. John Leake, afterward the famous admiral of the navy, also volunteered to escort them with his thirty-six-gun frigate, the "Dartmouth."

At sunset on the 28th of July the attempt was made. In the lead was the "Mountjoy," followed by the "Phoenix." To westward of them, and interposing between them and the batteries on the bank, was the "Dartmouth," the crew handling her guns with marvelous rapidity and precision.

When the three ships reached the boom, brave Browning recklessly hurled the "Mountjoy" upon it. He struck it fair and square, and after a moment of agonized suspense it gave way. Able to range alongside on account of the delay, the "Phoenix," equally well handled; smashed into the shattered remains of the boom and completed its destruction. The tide was low, and at this juncture the "Mountjoy" grounded near a battery. The Irish rushed for their boats in the gathering darkness, but the fire of the "Dartmouth" was so severe that they were driven back. Leake kept down the fire of the enemy until the rising tide floated the merchantman, and all three of them, somewhat damaged from the rain of the enemy's batteries, reached the quays at ten o'clock at night.

This gallant exploit practically raised the siege. The army of King James cannonaded the city for three days longer, and then withdrew in despair when Kirke with the rest of his fleet sailed up the river.

Macauley calls it the most memorable siege that ever took place in the British islands. The besieged had lost over three thousand men and inflicted a loss upon their assailants of over eight thousand.

The Honeymoon



by Zona Gale

I HAVE often deplored that unlucky adjustment which allotted to the medicines, countries, flavoring extracts, and the like, names which should have been reserved for women. For example, what beautiful names for beautiful women are Arnica, Ammonia and Belladonna; as for Syria, one could fall in love with any woman named Syria; and it would be sufficient to make a poet out of any lover to sit all day at the feet of a woman named Vanilla.

This occurred to me again as Peleas and I took our seats in the train for Far Rockaway, since across the aisle sat a pale and pretty little invalid girl whose companions called her "Phenie." I do not know what this term professed to abbreviate, but I myself would have preferred to be known by the name of some euphonious disease—say, Pneumonia. Monia would make a very pretty "nick"-name, or love-name, as they say!

Our little neighbor should have had a beautiful name. She was such a small little girl. She looked not a day over ten, though I learned that she was sixteen. She had an absurdly little hand, like a kitty's foot with a glove on it, and it seemed as if her slim throat would ache with the weight of all her beautiful thick hair. She was pale and spiritless, but

her great dark eyes were filled with the fervor that might have been hers if life had been more kind. She had a merry little laugh—and a book; not what I am wont to call a tramp-book, seeking to interest people; but a book of dignity and parts, which solicits nobody—a book which may have a book-plate under its leather wing.

I puzzled pleasantly over the two in whose charge she appeared to be, and finally I took Peleas in my confidence.

"Peleas," said I, "do you think that those two can be her parents?"

"Bless you, no, dear," he answered; "they are not old enough. She is more likely to be the sister of one of them. They are very much in love."

"I noticed," I agreed. "They must be old-young married people."

"Like us," said Peleas.

We laughed happily. Peleas and I, though we are seventy and white-haired and frightened to cross streets, are not near enough to death to treat each other so coldly as do half the middle-aged. I can't imagine a breakfast at which Peleas and I would split the morning paper, and intrude stocks and society upon our companionship and our omelet. At hotels I have seen elderly people who looked as if breakfast were heaven—where there is neither marrying nor

giving in marriage. Peleas and I are not of these, and we look with kindly eyes upon all who have never known that youth has gone, because love stays.

So we were delighted when we saw our old-young married people and the little invalid preparing to leave the train with us. To our surprise, when we drew into the station, the big conductor, who looked like any policeman, came bearing down upon Little Invalid, and carried her from the car in his arms across the platform to a carriage. And we, in a second carriage, found ourselves behind the little party, driving to the sea.

I had been so absorbed in our neighbors that, until the salt air blew across our faces, I had forgotten what a wonderful day it really was. Peleas and I were come alone to Far Rockaway with no one to look after us, and no one to meet us, and we meant to have such a holiday as never had been known. It came about in this wise:

Peleas and I had grown hungry for the sea. All winter long we had talked about the sea. We had pretended that the roar of the elevated trains was the charge and retreat of the breakers, and we had remembered a certain summer, years before, when—Peleas still being able to model and I to write so that a few were deceived—we had taken a cottage having a great view and no room, and we had spent one of the summers that are torches to the years to follow. Who has once lived by the sea becomes its fellow, and it is likely to sing in his heart years after and draw him back to it. So it had long been drawing Peleas and me until, the spring being well advanced, we had arisen one morning saying, "We must go to-morrow."

We had dreaded confessing to Nichola our intention. Nichola, our old servant, renounces everything, until her renunciations are not virtue, but a disease. She cannot help it. She is caught in a very contagion of renunciation, and one never proposes anything that she does not either object to or seek to postpone. When the day comes for Nichola to die, it has long been my belief, she will give up the project as a self-indulgence. You

may see, therefore, how difficult it was for us to approach Nichola, who rules us with the same rod which she continually brandishes over her own spirit. It was I who told her at last; for since that day when Nichola came upon Peleas trying to dance, he has lost his assurance in her presence, dislikes to address her without provocation, and agrees with everything that she says, as if he had no spirit. I, being a very foolhardy and tactless old woman, put it to her this way:

"Nichola! Peleas and I are going to the sea-shore for all day to-morrow."

"Yah!" cried Nichola, derisively, putting her gray-moss hair from her eyes. "Boat-ridin'?"

"No," said I, gently. "No, Nichola. But we want the sea—we need the sea. We are going to Far Rockaway."

Nichola narrowed her eyes and nodded as if she knew more about the sea than she would care to tell.

"Oh, well," she said, with resignation, "I s'pose the good Lord don't count suicide a first-class crime when you're old."

"We shall want breakfast," I continued, with great firmness, "at half past six."

"The last breakfast that I'll ever have to get you," meditated Nichola, turning her back upon me. The impudent old woman thinks, because she is six years younger than I, that she is able to look after me! I cannot understand such self-sufficiency. I am wholly able to look after myself.

Peleas and I dreamed all that night of what the morrow held for us. We determined to take a little luncheon and go straight to the beach, as near to the water as possible, and lie there in the sand the whole day long.

"And build sand-houses, and caves with passages sidewise," said Peleas, with determination, as if he were seven.

"And watch the clouds and the gulls," said I.

"And find a big wave away out, and follow it till it comes in," Peleas added.

"And let the sand run through our fingers—oh, Peleas," I cried, "I think that it will make us young!"

So all day long the sea spoke to us, and by night we were wild for that first cold, salt breath of it, and the glare and the gray, and the boom of the surf. But Nichola bade us good-by next morning with no sign of relenting in her judgment upon us.

"Well packed with flannel?" was all that she wanted to know. We went out to the street feeling like disobedient children.

"After all," said Peleas, "what is it to Nichola if we get drowned or run over?"

"Nothing," we agreed, with determination, and took a car.

And yet, when we reached Far Rockaway, so absorbed had we become in Little Invalid that the sea had almost to pluck us by the sleeve before we remembered.

It was early for guests at the great hotel, and but a few were on the veranda. Little Invalid was lifted from her carriage and placed in a rocking-chair while the old-young married people went in the office. And when Peleas suggested that I rest for a little, before we go down to the beach, I gladly assented and sat down with him beside the little creature, who welcomed me with a shy smile. She was so like a little bird that I had almost expected her to vanish at my approach; and when she did not, the temptation to talk with her was like the desire to feed a bird crumbs from my hand.

"It is pleasant to be near the sea again," I said to her, by way of crumbs.

Her eyes were fixed on the far blue, and they widened as she turned to me.

"Again?" she repeated. "I haven't ever seen it before."

"You have not?" I cried. "What a sorrow to live far from the sea!"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I live in New York—we all three have lived in New York always—but I have never seen anything of the sea but from the Battery. None of us has—but Henny. Henny has been to Staten Island."

I was silent in sheer bewilderment. Then it was true—there were people who

live in New York and have never seen the sea!

Something else trembled on Little Invalid's lips, and out it came, hesitating.

"Henny an' Bessie's married last week," she said, shyly. "This is their honeymoon."

"Oh," said I, brightening, "then you will be here for some time? I'm so glad."

Again she shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said; "we're going back to-night. This is Henny's day off, but Bessie, she wouldn't come without me. She's my sister," said Little Invalid, proudly. "She paid my way herself."

Was it not wonderful for an old woman, whose interests are supposed to be confined to drafts and diets, to be admitted to such a shining situation as this? I was still speechless with the delight of it, when the old-young married people came outside.

Bessie, the sister to Little Invalid and the bride of a week, was a gentle, worn little woman in the thirties, of shabby neatness and nervous hands, and a smile that was like the gravity of another. "Henny"—I perceive that my analogy extends further, and that some men had better have been christened Nicotine or Camphor!—Henny was a bit younger than she, I fancied, and the honest fellow's heavy, patched-looking hands and wide blue eyes would immediately have won my heart, even if I had not seen the clumsy care which he bestowed upon Little Invalid—as if a bear should don nurse's stripes!

Peleas says that I spoke to them first. I dare say that I did, being a very meddlesome old woman, but the first thing that I distinctly recall was hearing Henny say:

"Now you run along down to the beach, Bess, an' I'll sit here a spell with Phenie."

"I'm sure I'd be all right all alone," protested Little Invalid, feebly, looking nervously about at the fast-gathering groups of chattering people. Bessie and Henny seemed to know very much better than this, however, and with a smile that was like gravity, Bessie moved reluctantly away.

Fancy that situation! Little Invalid could not be carried to the sands, and those two old-young married people meant to spend their "honeymoon" in taking turns visiting the beach! I looked at Peleas, and his face made the expression that means an alarm, for something to be done at once.

"Why," said I, clearly, "don't you both go down to the beach and let us sit here awhile?"—for, to tell the truth, the journey by train had tired me more than I cared to confess.

I remember how, once, Peleas sent two incredibly dirty little boys into the circus at the Garden, and, save then, I really think that I never saw such sudden happiness on the face of any one.

"Were—you going to sit here anyway, ma'am?" asked Bessie, trying as heroically to conceal her joy as if it had been tears.

"Yes," said I, shamelessly—and really I was overtired. "Stay as long as ever you like," said I.

"Oh, ma'am," said Henny, with shining eyes, "thank you. An' thank you, sir."

"Pooh!" said Peleas, gruffly, and thrust my sunshade into his hands.

Off they went down to the beach—Shabby Neatness hanging on her husband's arm in a fashion which I cannot call deplorable, and her husband looking down at her adoringly. Before they disappeared past the pavilion, we all waved our hands. And then, to my amazement, I saw the tears running down the face of Little Invalid.

"Oh, ma'am," said she, her lips trembling, "you don't know what this will mean to them—you don't know!"

"Let me see your book, my dear," said I, hastily—I was ashamed enough to be praised for indulging my own desire to rest!

She handed the distinguished-looking little volume, and I saw that it was a very bouquet of sea-poems, sea-songs, sea-delight in every form. Beloved names nodded to me from the page, and beloved lines smiled up at me.

"The settlement lady lief me take it," said Little Invalid.

Then began an hour whose joy Peleas

and I love to remember. It would have been pleasure merely to sit in that veranda-corner within sound of the sea and to hear Peleas read those magic words aloud—but we had a new and unexpected joy in the response of this untutored little maid, who was as eager as were we. With her eyes now on the sea, now on Peleas' face as he read, now turned to me with the swift surprise of something, she sat breathlessly between us; and sometimes, when a passage had to be explained, her eyes were like the sea itself, with the sun in its deep heart.

"Oh," she would say, "was it all there all the time? Was it? I read it alone, but I didn't know it was like this!"

It puzzled her to find that what we were reading had been known and loved by us for very long.

"Did the settlement lady lief you have the book, too?" she asked, finally.

"No," we told her; "we have these things in other books, ourselves."

"Why, I thought," she said then, in bewilderment, "that there was only one book of every kind. And I thought how grand for me to have this one, and that I ought to lend it to people who wouldn't never see it if I didn't. Is there other ones like it?" she asked.

Afterward, when we talked it over, Peleas and I were reminded of the theory of a very wise and very revered American who holds to what he calls his "Japanese handkerchief theory of genius," namely, that the day will come when there will be works of genius enough for every one to have one, use it once and throw it away! That day, according to Little Invalid, already had almost dawned.

Gradually the shy heart opened to us, and we spoke together of the simple mysteries of earth. For example, Little Invalid knew nothing of the tides and the moon's influence, and no triumph of modern science could more have amazed her. Then from the terrifying parlor of the hotel we brought to her pieces of coral and seaweed, and these she had never seen, and she touched their tendrils with reverent fingers. In the parlor, too, was an hour-glass, filled with shining sand—it was like finding



Drawn by Max F. Kiepper

"Though we pretended to be asleep, sat with our heads turned from each other"

jewels in the coal-bin to extract things of such fairy significance from that temple of plush and paper flowers. She held the coral and the seaweed and the hour-glass while we went back to the little book, or sat watching the changing sun-green and shadow-green of the waves.

In this manner two hours had passed without our suspecting, when, flushed and breathless, Bessie and Henny appeared before us. They were very distressed and frightened over having stayed so long away, but no amount of embarrassment could disguise their happy possession of those two hours on the white beach. They had the air of saying, in that same wise American's own words, "The past, at least, is secure!"

Peleas beamed upon them both.

"Bless me," said he, "we couldn't think of going away down there before dinner. Run along back—but mind that you are here by one o'clock. You are to dine with us!"

At that my old heart bounded, though I knew very well that Peleas had intended that solitary five dollars in his portemonnaie for far other and sterner purposes. And yet it is a great truth that the other and sterner purposes always are settled in the end, and the common-wealth goes safely on, no matter how often you divert solitary bills to radiant uses with which they have no right to be concerned! Being, I dare say, a very spendthrift old woman, I cannot argue matters of finance, but this one principle I have often noted; and I venture to believe that the people who omit the radiant uses are not, after all, the best citizens. I write this in defense of Peleas, whose financial conscience troubled him for many a day on account of that dinner.

So back went those old-young married people to the beach, trying hard, as I could see, not to appear too delighted, lest Little Invalid feel herself a burden to us all. And when they returned at one o'clock, with bright eyes and cheeks already beginning to tan, Peleas marshaled us all to a table by the window toward the sea, while a porter drew Little Invalid's chair beside us.

What a dinner was that! Time was

—when Peleas was still able to model and I could still write so to deceive a few—that we have sat at beautiful dinner-tables with people whose jests we have afterward read, turned into costly "copy." Time has been, too, when a few of us have sat about a simple board, thankful for the miracle of that companionship. But, save the dinners which Peleas and I have had alone, I think that there never was another such dinner in our history. When the first embarrassment was gone, we found that Henny had a quiet drollery which delighted us, and caused his wife's eyes to light adoringly. They said little about themselves; indeed, save the confidences of Little Invalid, we knew nothing about them whatever when we parted, and yet we were the warmest friends. Is it not strange how less simple people imagine that confidences have anything to do with friendship? Not a bit of it! A friend is a necessity, but a confidant is a dangerous luxury. Except, of course, for the things that you very much wish to know! For example, I was very glad that Little Invalid had let us into that honeymoon secret.

And what a morning those two had had! I cannot begin to recount what experiences had been theirs with big waves that had overtaken them, and dogs that had gone in after shingles, and with smooth stones and "angel-wing" shells and hot peanuts, of which they had brought a share to Little Invalid. I cannot tell you what strange people they had met and remembered. Above all, I cannot tell you how they had listened to that solemn beat and roar, and had looked at the high blue and the far blue, and tried to make us know its message—mind you, they did not know that this was what they tried to tell us, but Peleas and I understood well enough.

After dinner, when Little Invalid was back on the veranda, her cheeks flushed with the unwonted excitement—it was her first dinner in a real hotel, she told me!—Peleas leaned against a veranda pillar with an exaggerated air which I could not fathom, until:

"Really," he said, "I'm so sleepy that I'm going to settle down here in this big chair for a doze. Don't you want to take a nap, Ettare? Suppose that we all three have a long, quiet nap—and you two young people get back to the beach and don't bother us?"

* Bless Peleas! And I confess that, after dinner, I was not unwilling to rest too. So the other two went away again, and I believe that Peleas did sleep; but Little Invalid and I, though we pretended to be asleep, sat with our heads turned from each other, staring out to sea. I do not know how it may have been with her, but as for me, I was happy, out of all proportion to the encouragement of that noisy veranda. Perhaps it was the look of the sea-line, pricked with sails, or the mere rough, indifferent touch of the salt wind.

Presently we all pretended to wake and talk a little, and then we saw Bessie and Henny coming back and, at a sign from Peleas, we all shut our eyes again—though indeed Peleas awoke very cross and bade them go back and not disturb us, unless they wanted to be great nuisances. So they ran back, and we laughed at them in secret, and Little Invalid sat happily holding the mysterious hour-glass. And then a band began to play in the pavilion—a dreadful band, I thought, until I saw the ecstatic delight of Little Invalid, whereupon I discovered that there was a lilt to its clamor.

When the bathers went in, we found a glass for Little Invalid, and she spent a pleasant half-hour watching the ropes. And twice more, Bessie and Henny came back, and both times we pretended to be asleep, and Peleas awoke more testily each time and scolded them back. The second time, he thrust something in their hands.

"Here," said he, crossly, "just pitch this in the ocean, or eat it up. It worries me!"

Secretly, I looked from one eye and saw Nichola's lunch disappearing!

When they came back, at six o'clock, we consented to be awake, for it was

time for Peleas and me to go home. They stood before us trying, with such pleasant awkwardness, to make us know various things, and Little Invalid kept a tight hold of my fingers. When I bent to kiss her good-by, she pressed something in my hand, and it was a big, colored button-picture of Bessie.

"Keep it," she said, "to remember us by. There ain't nothink else fit to give you!"

Henny handed me to the carriage in an anguish of polite anxiety, and they all three waved their hands as long as we could see them. They were to stay two hours longer, and finish that honeymoon!

As Peleas and I drove up the long street with our backs to the sea, we turned for one look at the moving gold of it, under the falling sun. We felt its breath in our faces for the last time—well, who knows? When one is seventy, every time may be the last time, though indeed I should not be surprised to find us both sea-bathing before the summer is over!

Peleas looked at me with troubled eyes.

"Ettare," said he, "I am afraid that we have indulged ourselves shamefully to-day."

"You mean about the dinner?" I asked.

"Yes, that," he said; "and then we came down here for the sea to do us good, and we haven't been near the sea!"

"No," I said, "we haven't."

"We have simply amused ourselves all day long," he finished, disgustedly.

"Yes," I said, "we have."

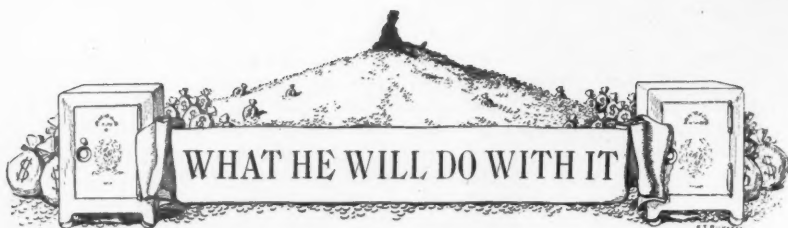
But as the train drew over the marshes, I smiled at this disgust of Peleas—smiled until my hand crept down and found his under his hat.

"What is it?" he asked, seeing my smile.

"I've found out something!" I told him.

"What is it?" he wanted to know.

"It wasn't their honeymoon so much," I said, triumphantly, "as it was ours!"



By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[The world's greatest fortune—that of Mr. John D. Rockefeller—is a legitimate object of interest. This fortune will in the course of years be inherited by the son, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The power of money covers so vast a territory that a man inheriting such a fortune has it within his grasp to leave a permanent impress upon his nation for all time. The question, therefore, "What Will He Do With It?" is one of great moment. In the June number of "The Cosmopolitan" Mr. David Graham Phillips undertook to point out "What He Could Do With It"; in the present article Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis assumes to indicate what actually will be done.—The Editor.]

AS a basis for his brilliant contribution to the last number of this magazine, Mr. David Graham Phillips began by imagining the death of Mr. Rockefeller. Something over two centuries ago, Algernon Sydney gave his head to block and ax on Tower Hill for "Imagining the Death" of James II. There is, however—this is writ to comfort nervous ones—no dread inference against the safety of Mr. Phillips to be drawn from the great republican's downright taking off, since we of America about a century later fought at Concord and Yorktown for the privilege—and won it—of "imagining" whatever we would of a Stuart or a Rockefeller or any other ruler to the end of time. Besides, as he phrased it, there was nothing rudely treasonable in Mr. Phillips' supposition, naught that marked him as traitor even to good taste. Indeed, he so far softened surmise as to give it the consistency of compliment by permitting in Mr. Rockefeller's favor the possibility of a most polite alternative, and showing how that magnate, instead of making his exit by those usual doctor-and-deathbed methods which through much vulgar repetition have grown threadbare and commonplace, might be caught up in a chariot of fire—after a celebrated Scriptural precedent—and,

angel-attended, whisked away to his reward.

Having thus happily got rid of the Monarch of Standard Oil, and drawn a very natural breath of relief at his success, Mr. Phillips presses forward. Recalling the son, and remembering that billion of gold the father has left behind him, Mr. Phillips sweeps on in a river of lucid broad conjecture as to "What he [the son] could do with it [the billion]." With that same son and that same billion as the raw materials wherewith to work, it is now my task by appointment of this magazine to write "What he will do with it"; and while the views I shall express may offend folk of a certain sensitive interest and be condemned by them as no better nor other than the sullen, low-browed word of pessimism, I've read humanity in vain and know nothing of the yellow merits or rather demerits of gold in its effects upon mankind, if what I am to say prove not the truer prophecy of the two. And at that—to urge a final syllable of self-compliment—my labors are bound in the nature of things to be more difficult and less graceful than were those of Mr. Phillips. By the exigencies of our different and differing assignments, he was allowed to indulge in every license of the poetic, while I must confine my narrow wanderings to the prosiest of

practical prose. His generous fancy could fix its eye upon some star of optimism, and soar aloft; mine, bending its cheerless gaze upon the ground, is made to plod without so much as a rush-light or smallest wick of hope to show the way. He was free to dip his pen in every color of what rainbow goes with man as he might be; I must work with those grays and drabs and blacks that belong with man as he is. However, I too much cherish myself to pause upon a difficulty before it is arrived at.

What will young Mr. Rockefeller do with his billion? Or, if the above query place a cart before a horse, what will his billion do with him? It is proper to state curiosity both ways; for if one but scan closely the procession of life as it passes, it will be observed that the money more often possesses the man than the man the money.

Recurring to the question, whichever way you choose to put it, there are two matters to be thought of before you may come by an answer. You must consider young Mr. Rockefeller in his strengths and his weaknesses. Also, in similar fashion, you must consider the billion. If it were a hod of bricks and a boy, and the question were whether the boy could get the bricks to the scaffold, you would see at once that to frame reply you must come by the measures of both.

The world has some conception of a mere man. It meets him and matches itself against him in struggles moral and mental and physical. But a billion dollars is neither so common nor so well understood. To begin with, it is almost impossible to crowd its outlines within the frontiers of an ordinary imagination. And scant marvel!

The Wandering Jew drove the weary Christ from his door-step.

"Thou shalt walk the earth till I return," said the Savior, by way of punishment.

That the sentence was operative has as a proposition some color of support, there being more or less word that as late as 1830 the immortal tramp was observed and recognized in London town. Assuming then that the Wandering Jew is still abroad upon the earth,

had the Roman government as a reward for his cruelty granted him an annual pension of five hundred thousand dollars, and paid that half-million every faithful year throughout all the long centuries down to present time, and if on his side the peripatetic pensioner had saved every obol until now, he wouldn't have a billion dollars. In point of fact and fortune, young Mr. Rockefeller, when he comes into his inheritance, would overtop him. For all his almost two thousand years, his annual income of a half-million, and his frugal saving of every groat, that deathless outcast could only write himself the "Second richest man on earth." So much in the hope that you may gain from it some notion of the sinister length and breadth, not to add thickness, of a billion dollars—being the present Rockefeller hoard.

And now that we have our hod of bricks, let us turn to the boy who is to carry it. There is no apology required when folk sit down to a survey of young Mr. Rockefeller. Think of the power with which that billion is to clothe his hand! With such a lever of Archimedes, and using as his fulcrum the native avarice of men, he might overturn a throne. Men not only may but should weigh him as to all the inborn good or ill he promises, for the same reason and by the same right that seamen canvass winds and clouds to argue therefrom the coming of weather fair or foul.

It is the good fortune of this inquiry, if not of young Mr. Rockefeller, that for years on end an accommodating press has printed the least as well as the greatest of his comings in and goings out. What he said, what he did; his business, his sports; his health, his sickness, have one and all been granted exhaustive relation. That man would be dull beyond conception who at this day could not in hair-line give a portrait of young Mr. Rockefeller in what might be described as his capacity, general or special, for evil or for good. He has touched the middle years of life; he has lived long enough to express himself. Alexander conquered a world before he was as old as young Mr. Rockefeller. Cæsar remade

the map of Europe, Keats wrote "Endymion," Perry whipped Barclay on Lake Erie and composed his laconism "I've met the enemy and he is ours," Sydney gave the world his sonnets and got himself killed at Zutphen, Byron was the hub of trouble and renown, Danton directed a revolution and Napoleon defeated it, and the oldest among them the junior of young Mr. Rockefeller. No, if he were any volcano of genius, some smoke or some flame from him would long ago have been visible on the horizon of a world's affairs. We should have had some word beyond the mere mention of his Bible-class, or that billion with which the future will equip him.

"But," cries some alarmist, "young Mr. Rockefeller's father is still alive. You can't estimate how far the elder Rockefeller acts for the son's repression. Once he is his own master, and that billion waiting docile to his touch, with none to molest him or make him afraid, who shall foretell his action? He may assert himself in manners not dreamed of, and with forces never to be guessed. We, living in the Pompeii of our ignorance, even now may be camped at the base of another Vesuvius, to which the death of the elder Rockefeller is to become the signal for an eruption that in its ashes and its lavas will swallow us up."

Our hectic one may be at peace; his excitement is altogether misplaced. The elder Rockefeller, however gigantic when considered as a bushel, would hardly, and for over a decade, serve to hide such a light as he describes. Take it from me, who am not without reasons for the thought, that young Mr. Rockefeller, looked at from every angle, offers only a spectacle of the passive and the innocuous. Without virtues as without vices, he is the sublimation of the mediocre—the negative in apogee—a climax of the commonplace.

Were a world to ask itself questions about young Mr. Rockefeller, what would it hear? In all that has been printed of him, was it said that he liked books or gems or pictures or tapestries or statues, or was in any sort given to literature or music or art? Does he care

for flowers? Has he a poet favorite over the rest? Is he eager for travel, and to meet new men and regions? Has he a fad for politics? What sentiment or what anxiety concerning government—city, state or national—has he ever expressed? What sport does he affect?—is it with gun or dog or rod or horse or boat? What are his relaxations?—theater, society? Or does he find his pleasure in doing good, and in easing the sore shoulders of overburdened men? The answer in every case is No.

And if you should turn to the darker side and, speaking in the sense personal, ask what wrong he does, you would have no more for your trouble. For black or for white he has no activities, no initiatives, no aggressions, no emotions. His nature, shallow, narrow, blurred, is as rippleless as a duck-pond and as much without a current. It will wreck nothing, wanting the depth; no storm can toss it into perilous billows, for there isn't enough of it. Neither good nor bad, I might say of young Mr. Rockefeller as I once said of another and—small as he was—a bigger man: He is like a bucket of spring-water, pure, not poisonous; and yet not of a quantity to put out a fire or swim a boat or turn the wheel of any mill of moment. He has no sense of humor, no imagination. There is nothing of the acid in him; no gunpowder, no naphtha, to explode or take fire. He will invent nothing, discover nothing, do nothing, be nothing. With an instinct in favor of the safe, he will stick close to the conventional, adhere to the precedential. He will say nothing that hasn't been said, think nothing that hasn't been thought, do nothing that hasn't been done; and of what has been said and thought and done he will say and think and do only a little. From all of which it is deducible that, whatever the boat or wherever the voyage, he will go as a passenger, never as a sailor. There may be a peril to lurk hereafter in young Mr. Rockefeller's billion; there will be none discoverable, rest sure, in young Mr. Rockefeller himself.

There are but two theaters of effort in which young Mr. Rockefeller has

appeared. One was Wall Street, and the other was his Bible-class. Once and only once he entered Wall Street as a lamb, and proceeded to gamble in stocks. He didn't long remain. The oldsters took the wool off him so fast that he caught a chill, and went bleating back to the family fold. This single plunge into the whirlpool of affairs would not be worth a notice only that it confirms the impression of the colorless weakness above rehearsed.

Let us consider young Mr. Rockefeller in connection with that famous Bible-class. The church has ever been the hunting-ground of hypocrites, and it is the Bible that most warns us against scribe and pharisee. The world, remembering how often Satan clothes his servants in the livery of heaven, sniffs at every pretense of religion, and particularly when made in a loud voice and by a very rich man; for the wary old world bears in mind that nine times in ten when it bought a gold brick the goods came wrapped in a tract.

Who shall blame the world for its hatred of hypocrites? And yet the world—and this is in defense of a certain sort of hypocrite, the Rockefeller sort—should realize how there may be men who, while deluding others, also delude themselves. They are their own dupes, and although foul in the sight of other men are fair in their own. They read where the Scriptures declare that "the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate and fire shall consume the tabernacle of bribery"; but it never strikes them that they themselves are threatened.

These dull ones, who know not themselves, are in a way innocent. True, they are most discouraging, and by the very fact of their presence keep good folk out of the church. They so plainly love the tents of the ungodly; have such obvious appetites for the flesh-pots! Their moral skin is so exceeding thick! These pachyderms, with the curse of rum in hideous exhibition all about them, will offer you a sparkling example across table with a glassful of wine. They will talk—not act—of local poverty and its relief, with sixty-cent cigars between

their lips, and see in it no contradiction. At dinners to cost twenty dollars a cover, over vintages cheap at twelve dollars the quart, they debate the freezing and starving not a half-mile away, and discover in such action nothing of the incongruous. Naturally says a world looking on:

"If these be Christians, and not as him who 'covereth his face with fatness and maketh collops of fat on his flanks,' why don't they issue forth from their palaces to cost a king's ransom, and with a fragment of their riches, lift—be it even for one day—the burden of some struggling, cold-nipped, hunger-beaten wretch? There live ones who are not Christians, and dwell a long flight-shot from it in truth, and yet this wan business of other people's hunger has bothered them out of many a dollar."

The world is right. There is much in those purblind churchly Rockefeller ones to distaste. They illustrate the truth that the professedly good are never very good, nor those excellent by cold design of a best excellence. For the most part, without knowing it, they are moved wholly of a smug vanity. They are pleasingly puffed with themselves. They look often in the glass and seldom from the window; and are nothing better than stall-fed even if innocent hypocrites, with the scribes and the pharisees—all unknowingly—their models.

Those are the ones whom a world most furiously denounces. And yet, it is in my mind that the world, in a majority of these instances, reads the motive wrong. Our Rockefellers are so much like poets that they are born, not made, and there is a deal that is false that is not intentionally false. These folk regard themselves as beyond a stain. It is all in the point of view, and every man's point of view is mainly made up of brains plus stomach.

Nothing can much change the born nature of a man. Training? education? environment? A film, a wash, a pressure. Plant corn in a hothouse, give it the care of orchid or of rose, yet shall it come forth corn. Retrieve

the pigling of a day from the breast of its mother; bestow upon it such training or education or environment as you prefer; robe it in silks, sweeten it with baths, feed it milk and lilies. Do this one year, two years, four years, what space you please. Then make your pupil loose. That pigling, lusty now and grown, will hie him to the nearest mud-hole and wallow therein; he will shoulder among his fellows and shout and sing for draff; he will guttle his mess with his feet in the trough, and then sleep stertorously and offensively therein. Training? You can't train Nature out of herself. You may put on the pressure of an environment, and compel a pretense, an assumption of some virtue that doesn't exist.

Also, by that training or education or environment, or all three, you may teach the one thus trained or pressed upon to delude himself. Being held back from vice, he will decide that he is virtuous, and never once perceive how, in what he does as well as in what he fails to do, he is driven to every field of conduct and held there under guard. Born in a cage, he defines liberty as possessing bars, and can imagine freedom only with a fence.

Now, I have reason for saying these things; I say them in a measure to defend and explain myself. In those Bible-class exercises, which are the hebdomadal joy of young Mr. Rockefeller, the world believes that he acts the rôle of hypocrite. I don't think he does. In my opinion, he has simply led himself astray. We haven't his point of view; we couldn't have without having his billion. No man sees himself. He is as one who looks from a window; he gets no glimpse of the house he's in, while the same is visible, from ridge-pole to water-table, to the man across the street. I can well understand how young Mr. Rockefeller has never once been confronted by his own image. The chances are—and this is true of all—that he owns less real knowledge of himself than of any other man with whom he is acquainted. We are apt to feel fully aware of ourselves. In that we grossly flatter self; and the proof is that we daily give to

others advice that we ourselves never take, and offer to our neighbor counsel upon which we turn our own backs.

There is nothing more enervating, more blighting, than a cradle full of gold, and that young Mr. Rockefeller was born into the midst of millions has not helped but hurt him. The sons of rich men—this is the rule—never own the strength of those sires who heaped together the family fortune. And he who stops and thinks will see how this must be so. It is the storms that teach the sailors; there exists no worth-while hint of seamanship in sunny weather and a favoring breeze. It was those tempests that the fathers encountered while collecting their fortunes which stiffened their thews; it is missing those tempests that serves to soften and make flaccid the sons.

These thoughts are not original; there was never a wise one, and whether he were Solomon or Epicurus or Montaigne or Bacon, who didn't say the same thing. They call wealth the leech of virtue; and tell how it saps and subtracts from what is best in a man. They warn you that glorious public gifts and benevolent or educational institutions—they must have had our moderns in mind—are but painted sepulchers, sacrifices without salt, soon to corrupt and inwardly decay. Also, they show how abundance, not want, is the mother of avarice, and that to carry a load of money is to carry a load of fear.

It was the ancients who, to exhibit the cruel dulness of riches, drew the portrait of Plutus. Blind, dark, black of beard, with a horror of sunlight, he sits on his ebon throne; by his side Proserpina, not wooed but kidnapped. On one hand the Furies, on the other the Fates; while from beneath the midnight throne gushes that river of sorrow, the Cocytus, whose source is the tears of humanity. Plutus—what a symbol of the twentieth-century rich man with his twentieth-century trust!

In a manner as hit-or-miss as were our grandmothers' rag-carpet, I have set forth the boneless weakness of young Mr. Rockefeller, and named its certain causes. As corollary thereto and speaking

to and answering the caption of this article, I am driven to say that he will do nothing with his heritage of a billion.

For centuries, wealthy Venetians, dying, have left legacies to the pigeons of St. Mark. Those little fowls which the traveler sees fluttering in and out of the old tower, are among the richest folk in Venice. And yet what answer would the traveler invoke were he to ask, "What do they do with their big fortune?" They do nothing with it, can do nothing with it. It is managed for them, and they eat its profits in grain without so much as knowing of its existence.

What is true of the rich pigeons of St. Mark will have its partial parallel in the future story of young Mr. Rockefeller. He inherits a billion! Had he inherited the Hudson, he would have as much control to regulate its current, depth and course.

It is the second query that concerns us. What will the billion do, not alone with young Mr. Rockefeller, but with us?

It will do "business."

Corporations are a pet artifice of Satan. They so easily permit a man to escape with his conscience unseared, while enjoying the fruits of sin. The man only owns the stock and takes his dividends. If extortion or bribery or murder be committed in the production of those dividends, it is the company, not the man, that is guilty. The man defends himself; he will show you how personally he has done no wrong. He couldn't control the company; wasn't aware of its action. All he did was own the stock and accept the dividends. Ay! he will quote Scripture, as was done in an hour when thousands of pulpits defended black slavery in this land.

Roundly, young Mr. Rockefeller's billion—which, as I've shown, is to be as far beyond the touch of his personal command as the north wind—will find investment in the bonds and stocks of trusts. Young Mr. Rockefeller, for the looks of the thing and to satisfy what fragmentary energies remain with him, may wear the titles of president, vice-president and director in those trusts. The titles will mean nothing; the presence of his name will have no effect.

Those Juggernaut trusts will go on crushing, crushing, crushing, whether he be on or off the official list.

Young Mr. Rockefeller's billion will furnish ribs and backbone and wide jaws for many saurian trusts. These, being created, will follow the hungry purpose of their creation, and devour humanity wholesale. Year after year we shall see them taking more and giving less. One day the end, the inevitable end, will come. The earth was not made for trusts but for man, and in the last, rest sure, man will redeem his own from out their jaws.

Speaking of trusts, I cannot see why the very rich should either construct or foster them. The crashing finish seems so obvious and so sure. Even now the vast, dull public is beginning to stir and grope about for facts. It is learning that mere riches in a country don't mean prosperity, and how the latter depends, not upon wealth, but upon its distribution. A community of one thousand souls and each with fifty thousand dollars—an aggregate of fifty millions—would be a tale to tell of a people prosperous. But a community of one thousand souls where one individual possessed fifty millions, and the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine not one dollar among them, would mark a den where all the serpents of slavery, ignorance, misery and degradation coiled and hissed and fanged.

You who read should study trusts, for the trusts are studying you. They are vines of rapacity clambering on the trellis of the people's needs. They foster anarchy, prepare disorder, since to a majority of mankind they don't leave destinies worth an honest working out.

As I've said, I marvel at the blindness of the trusts, and of the fat handful of arrogants behind them. Verily, there is an insanity of avarice that takes without want and seizes beyond power to enjoy. It is insanity—as much as any that yells in padded cells to-night. In the raving madness of the modern money-rush, honor, conscience, justice, wisdom, prudence, all are trodden underfoot. The trusts go on and on; they gather one million, fifty millions, five hundred millions, a billion—giving it to

one man—and still charge crazily forward. There is no boundary to present voracity, no limit to the senseless heat for gold. The trusts have gone beyond lines of need, of comfort, of luxury, into regions where dwell only anxiety and danger, and where no good thing ever walks.

These creatures of a lupine avarice should take thought for themselves. They are so busy, dragging down the profitable hours as wolves drag down the deer, that they see not their own peril. They should beware. In their doctrine of "All for the trusts and nothing for humanity!" they dig pits for their own feet. They deal with and defy no feeble race—the Anglo-Dane. Revolution is its lesson; it has ground dynasties beneath the heel of its hate; kings have not dared to look it between the eyes in the day of its anger. The trusts are not discreet when they render desperate such a people.

Young Mr. Rockefeller's billion will head the trust procession. He will ride with it and hold such relation toward it as a raja in his howdah holds toward the elephant that carries him. He will take his ease on silken cushion while some mahout of a manager, ankus in fist, drives the elephant forward.

No, he is not to be envied. Money doesn't mean happiness; poverty doesn't mean grief. Some of the world's most unhappy men and women are worth a million. Money is no guarantee; a man can be unhappy for so many reasons, and happy for so few. Also, Third Avenue laughs oftener than Fifth.

Young Mr. Rockefeller, at ignorant ease in his howdah on the back of his billion, his mahout manager in control—ankus in hand, knees jammed close behind the great ears of that billion—will lead the march of elephantine trusts. And because in the laws of the natural it has been written that what we most fear we shall most invite, those trusts in their marching will provoke that Public Ownership of railways, and street-cars, and gas, and electric lights, and water, and telegraph, and telephone, from which they shrink. What will young Mr. Rockefeller do with his billion? He will do nothing. But the billion, moved of the heartless, brainless trust-hunger, proceeding by trust-methods of a voracious dishonesty, will keep on devouring men until its victims take to that Public Ownership of public utilities, which is as the sword and the shield proffered of the situation, for their defense and trust destruction.

KINGS' PALACES

By HELEN A. SAXON

I VISITED the palaces of kings,
Beheld the storied wealth that had been brought
With vast expenditure of toil and thought
To play upon the heart's imaginings
And lift it from the plane of common things—
The sculptured forms, the costly gems that caught
The sun, the canvases and fabrics wrought
With cunning hand to give the fancy wings.

But coming forth, there crowded round my way
An opulence of nature's tapestries,
And I reflected how the humblest may
Inherit all those lavish treasures
Beside which human art is children's play
And kings' possessions merest travesties.

LIVE EMBERS

By ANNA A. ROGERS

SHE was talking to Mr. Olmsted. She generally was, Thursday afternoons after half past four o'clock.

On her right she was protected by the low tea-table, and in front by the open fire. He had attacked on her unguarded left; but she was used to defense and he to retreat, and the action was an even shorter one than usual.

He had had her to himself undisturbed save for three or four malaprops, who, seeing him obstinately rooted for the afternoon, had refused tea and left sooner than they intended, thereby endorsing his favorite theory as to psychic forces. Then he had arisen and called them blest audibly, almost before Toppin had closed the front door after them.

It was during one of these flowering oases of solitude à deux with the most desirable woman on earth, that he made his usual biannual suggestion that he should hugely like to spend all the other days of the week with her, including Thursday. And Mrs. Pollack had varied her refusal of an honor of the desirability of which she still remained unconvinced, by saying gently:

"I've always been willing to do as you wished, my friend, if you'd only make me wish it too." Whereat he smiled bitterly and started to leave, the old hurt look in his blue eyes that so distressed her.

As he went toward her with extended hand in proof of his magnanimity (and perhaps with a servile eye to future Thursdays), she exclaimed, waving him back to his chair:

"Nonsense! The utter selfishness of leaving me in the lurch! Everybody knows you are here, so everybody stays away. Stay to dinner—I'm going to have artichokes served in that oily Italian way we both dote upon; and the Gerlich girls are coming."

"Why the Gerlich girls?" he demanded, peevishly, and she refused to answer him.

"I want you to take us later to a certain little down-town theater. Will you take us?"

"Will I take you?" murmured he, softly, sinking back into his chair, as he generally did.

"They say, Mr. Olmsted, that a man always lives to look with gratitude, sooner or later, upon the woman who declined to marry him. I wish—I do wish—you'd pay a sort of anticipatory note on that debt and smile on me now, prophetically, as it were," she coaxed. His eyes met hers, and the fact that he could smile fifteen minutes after her refusal of him, mordanted the dull color of his age in both his own consciousness and hers.

Having lost his self-respect, nothing mattered, and he said he had changed his mind and would have tea, after all, if it wasn't too much bother—and yes, lemon, please, and one lump.

He was now the picture of physical ease (albeit his face was still pale), with his cup beside him on a Foo Chow lacquer teapoy, and she leaned back and breathed a sigh of relief. Above all things, Mrs. Pollack demanded of her friends the outward show, at least, of contentment; her own she had long ago found to be lamentably dependent upon theirs. In one mood she called this emotion selfishness; in another, sensibility.

"I was thinking the other day, Mr. Olmsted, that in this age of reform in everything on earth or in the heavens above, that if matrimony is once more to become the popular institution it once was, the time has come to put the marriage ceremony under ether and attend to it."

They laughed comfortably together for the first time that afternoon.

"My brother used to say——"

"Oh, I thought 'brother' would be dropping in about now!" laughed he.

It was more than suspected by all of

her friends that Alicia Pollack's oft-quoted brother was a convenient lay-figure of her imagination, created to bear the voluminous and varied draperies of her own conversation. She was too clever a woman not to know that she must mask at least half of her cleverness; and by quoting the sayings of a brother (whether real or fictitious mattered not at all) she retained just the degree of relationship desirable, socially, to so dangerous a quality.

Calmly she repeated:

"He used to say that the marriage service does not recognize what George Eliot calls 'our persistent selves,' always waiting for us 'beyond our infatuations.' With that idea in view, I would suggest a new set of pledges to be exchanged at the altar."

"'Brother' ever marry?" teased Olmsted.

"My brother remained a bachelor to the end of his life," she replied, with dignity, and then went smoothly on: "In place of the old—very old—'love, honor and cherish,' when the Minister charges the Man, he shall say: 'Wilt thou be as civil to her as thou art to the stranger within thy gates? Wilt thou be a gentleman in money matters? And remembering thine own sensations of relief, wilt thou absent thyself at decent intervals, so long as you both do live?'"

Forgetting for the moment his heartache, Olmsted plunged with a laugh into her fanfaronade of nonsense:

"Then shall the Minister say to the Woman: 'Wilt thou let this Man have his being in peace? Wilt thou strive not to utterly lay waste his ideal of thee? And remembering that the question of Woman is a very, very old one to Man (only to thyself thou art a discovery), not lose sight of the fact that his love is as liable to a daily disintegration as is thine, so long as you both do live?'"

"Ah, my friend," she said, with sudden gravity, "we are getting old; romance has faded out of even our postulates!" He looked at her a moment and shook his head in despair.

"I wish something, somebody, could rouse me out of this enormous satis-

faction with things as they are, which has for several years been creeping over me. I have a suspicion that it marks that brief hour between cessation of growth and the beginning of decay. To want something badly! That is youth!"

"Then I'm still in my teens!" he cried, rising and squaring his broad shoulders. It seemed the very worst sort of an anticlimax when he only lifted his teacup and carried it very carefully back to her. It gave her a sudden sense of a great waste of energy in both their lives—and the pity of it.

"To be content, forsooth, because I'm warm and fed and clad and own a chair that's comfortable! It's discouraging, after all the stress of twenty-odd years of precipient living, to get back to that again! The condition of any healthy infant of three months!"

"There's a something yet ungarnered in your eyes, my Lady Alicia; something that belies your octogenarianisms. And some other man will reap it—not I!" He spoke with sudden passion, standing behind her. Then he went quickly back to his chair, because the desire to touch her hair was becoming uncontrollable. He had for years had an idea that if he could only once smooth it very gently, that he—well, among other things, he would not go any further! Which is the specious logic of all great temptations. As he reseated himself, she watched him wistfully. His face was white again, stern, no longer masked to spare her sensibility.

"If it's the minutest satisfaction to you, Arthur Olmsted, I don't mind in the least telling you that Thursday brings me the happiest hours of my life."

"It's not the minutest satisfaction to me, Alicia Pollack; but—thank you just the same," he replied. A short silence followed. He looked at the fire and she at him. It came over her, not for the first time, that it was this man's curious non-egoism that kept her from loving him. Humility is said to be the handmaiden of true love; if so, it should be kept in the servants' quarters out of sight. For it is not only the doe who watches the battle askance and glories

in her malingering heart in the liege who fights best, in that forest combat where the stag's ego lies in his hoofs and antlers and loud note of challenge.

Her companion suddenly recalled with a chill what an extremely handsome, clear-eyed man her husband had been, when he met them in Vienna two years before Mr. Pollack's death; fit mate for the exquisite woman sitting there beside him that afternoon.

She was modern, complex, and still very pretty, although somewhere near forty, that age when a woman has fully learned to use the weapons given her, just as it best becomes her to resign them.

Olmsted had come that day pale with the half-yearly recurrent resolve to conquer her love, to which he had been subject for three years; and here they were again going over the old ground in the same old friendly way! The mere fact that he could, clamped down upon him his years. At forty-five one's demand for happiness becomes a request, and even less—a chastened hope. The old days were gone—glorious days of a furious, insolent egoism, when happiness was claimed as an inalienable right, responsive to the thrill of physical and mental muscle, which shall wrest perfection from all things animate.

All that was now only a memory, leaving its scars upon his face; nevertheless he had reached the point of not being discontent that the flame and fury of it was apparently over. He would not have reawakened it all if he could; he much preferred the temperate sense of peace Alicia Pollack's presence gave him—if he could only have all he wanted of that! And that it was denied him made him restless under the sweet reserve of her glance, which whispered that her soul after all was not yet ready for mere peace—perhaps his own was no nearer compliance than hers!

She began to talk again, to get away from personalities; this time her eyes were on the fire and his on her face.

"It seems to me middle age has never received its just appraisal in this country. It is bound to be skied in a crude social condition such as ours."

He looked about the room packed with the non-essentials of luxury, and laughed.

"Crude nevertheless, very," she repeated. "Doesn't one smell fresh paint, hear the hammer, stumble over debris at every step? Oh, I mean socially; the other is too obvious! No, we are still a nation of promising cubs, with all our wealth and all our nimble wits. It is only among a people who have, as a civilized body, reached a national old age, that le moyen age is hung on the line where it belongs. Somehow I've come to believe—ever since I stopped pulling out the first white hairs (every woman does that for a little while, poor dear!)—By the by, Mr. Olmsted, did you ever stop to think of the heart-breaking tragedy of a woman's having to be beautiful whether Fate made her so or not? It dogs us into our graves. I've often thought you men are not sufficiently grateful to Providence for the comfortably low standard set upon your mere looks."

"Thanks, very much," cried he, his eyes reveling.

"Oh, don't thank me; I should have ordered otherwise! But, as I started to say, I've come to think that middle age is the view from the mountain-top after the long climb; it only lasts, say, half an hour, but it is supreme. That peering off into dim distances, that realization of the futility of so much turmoil and passion, down there close to the earth! Then—then comes the quick dash down the mountain to shelter—going fast by the mere gravitation of age."

"And then a little nursing of many aches and then—sleep," he added.

"Yes," she assented, softly, and silence fell for a while between them.

Then he began to talk, to divert a little the current of her introspection:

"Now, to me, middle age is best compared to that fire over there. The flame, the crackling, the sudden bursts of blue gas—all that is over—that is youth. Those hot living coals of fire we are looking at—quiet but intense—and over it the gray ashes forming)—that is middle age. Misleading, that grayness, let me tell you, for under it deeper down is the true soul of fire, of much higher

temperature than when the splutter went on. It's not burnt out—it will last till daylight."

"I wish I could believe it—I honestly do. I do so hate giving up to this debilitating lassitude. I dare say having that big boy of mine makes me feel more *passée* than if I had nothing in my life to measure, in feet and inches, my length of living. Why, Mr. Olmsted, do you realize that Barron will be a sophomore next year? It's high time I put on caps, that's the truth!"

At that point, Toppin brought in the evening paper and handed it to his mistress, who took an omnivorous interest in everything, from the latest failure in aerostatics to the periodic cleaning out of political stables by the incoming rentee, scandalized as usual at the state of affairs, as will be his successor in turn. She took it and was about to glance at the headlines, when the Gerlich girls gushed in and formed a chaotic and discordant foreground to Mrs. Pollack's serenity and repose.

Mr. Olmsted at once became convinced that he had intended all along to go just at this point and dress for dinner. As he lounged forward, he picked up the newspaper which had fallen as Mrs. Pollack arose to greet her young friends.

As Olmsted lifted the paper, a headline met his glance which caused a quick stiffening of his whole face, and sent the paper into his pocket with a rapidity of motion at sharp variance with his usual nonchalance. He stood a moment so still that the three women became recurrently aware of his presence, and turning toward him, Mrs. Pollack held out her hand:

"Must you be going, Mr. Olmsted?" in a tone that plainly indicated that, as things had turned out, she thought it highly advisable. "Remember, you are to come back to dinner at seven."

"Seven? Oh, yes, yes! Thanks; of course I'll be back. Good afternoon," he replied, in a bewildered way from the door. When he was gone, pretty blonde Agnes Gerlich said, with her usual tact:

"He's evidently awfully peeved with us for butting in and spoiling his heart-

to-heart with you; but we were dashing home from badminton—oh, I do wish you could have seen Frank's volley! She put it all over Teppy, and——"

"And we dropped in for a quarter of a second to find out if we must dress for the stunt to-night," interrupted Frank Gerlich, a superb modern Amazon one inch short of six feet, with a fine baritone voice.

Mrs. Pollack found the social vernacular of the hour an extremely interesting study, and was collecting some astonishing data—hence the Gerlich girls.

In the mean while the man in the hall held up Mr. Olmsted's overcoat, into which he hustled with unusual haste. He started for the front door, changed his mind, turned back and said, bluntly:

"Toppin, can you keep your head if I tell you something? I want your help, but if you're going to lose it you're not the man I want."

"I think I'm the man you want, sir," was the quiet reply.

"Mrs. Pollack's son is badly hurt at football. It's here in the evening paper. She has not seen it. Can't think why they did not telegraph her! Your mistress must go to him at once. When the Misses Gerlich leave, tell them—no, wait a minute," he scribbled a line on his card. "Give them that before they go. Tell Mrs. Pollack's maid to come to me, please, at once in the library; the telephone's at the end of the hall, isn't it? Hunt up Doctor Slidell's number for me, while I get the Grand Central."

"1259 Gramercy," said Toppin, instantly, and Mr. Olmsted cried, "Good!"

The two messages went out into the autumn twilight and two returned, and then a servant sped forth with a telegram bearing Doctor Slidell's borrowed signature, and reading:

"Barron Pollack's mother leaves on 6:10 train. Have carriage station."

The maid stood waiting inside the library door, and Mr. Olmsted, for years an intimate in the household, said without preliminary:

"Curtis, throw together, as quickly as you can, enough things for Mrs. Pollack to spend at least twenty-four hours with



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"They say . . . a man always lives to look with gratitude, sooner or later, upon the woman who declined to marry him."

Master Barron. Plain house things, warm, not evening togs. She goes at once. Not a trunk, please, a grip—dress-suit case—valise—whatever the thing is a woman uses."

"Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Yes, Curtis, something's the matter."

The woman was on the stairs before he had finished, impelled by his eyes.

"The ladies have gone, sir," reported Toppin, quietly. Mr. Olmsted gave a low-toned order, and then went quickly back to the drawing-room. The mother was standing by the mantel, leaning with one elbow, her head drooped, looking into the fire, and thinking rather sadly that a woman of imagination is doomed to disappointment in all the love-making that ever comes into her life. She heard his step and turned in surprise.

"The worst sort of a bad penny, thou!" she cried, smiling, more pleasure showing in her face than she was aware of.

He went straight up to her, and the strangeness of his touch on her arm told her instantly that it was the kindness of a surgeon before the chloroform.

"What is it? Barron?" she whispered, the muscles stiffening under his firm hand.

"Yes, hurt—football tackle—not seriously; but you'd better go. You will not believe any one's eyes but your own, of course. I have taken the liberty of giving a few orders. If you hurry, I'll see that you get the 6:10 train. Curtis has your bag ready, the carriage is here; just get on your hat and a long cloak. You haven't time to change, nor to talk."

"The doctor! I want my own doctor to see him," came from her white lips as she flew to the door.

"He'll either go with you or follow on the next train."

"And Barron! Oh, telegraph—telephone to him I am coming at once!"

"I happened to think of that—it's done—everything's done. Just get on your things—you must be quick!"

In five minutes Mrs. Pollack ran down the stairs, a girl once more under the emotion of breathless haste.

Without a word, Mr. Olmsted put her into the hired cab at the door. Toppin

disposed of her hand-luggage to his taste; Olmsted gave an order, sprang in after his companion and slammed the door—and they were off. Not until then did she speak. With a face white and set, distended eyes straining out ahead, mad with the sense of helpless haste, she sat erect, tense, beside him, wrapped in a long black cloak thrown over her light afternoon-gown.

"We'll get there in time? Tell me we shall get there in time!" she repeated, insistently.

"We'll get that train," was all he said.

"Where's the telegram? You have not shown it to me! What does it say?"

"It was in the evening paper. Goodness knows what became of it! There was no telegram to you—so of course it may not be true. Toppin could not get them on the long-distance telephone. There was nothing to do but go."

He repeated part of the brief account in the newspaper, and lied like a gentleman as to the hasty and unprofessional prognosis of the football reporter.

"I will not give him up, do you hear? I will not give up my boy!" she said suddenly between set teeth, beating her hands together. Not one vestige remained of the serene middle-aged *élégante* before the fire a half-hour back, regretting a creeping obtundity of emotion; and under all his aching pity for the mother, Arthur Olmsted's heart found time to beat a little faster for the woman.

"You will not have to, Mrs. Pollack; but you will reach there in no condition to be of any help if you allow yourself to even think it possible."

"Ah, you have not come close to death as I have and known its sudden snatch into one's heart!"

"Perhaps I have known it," he said, gravely; "my life has not been a blank for forty years, any more than yours has. No human being knows fully another's life; it's safe to assume a little sorrow."

She turned and looked at him, readjusting impressions, his life had so long been her exclusive plaything! Then she cried, excitedly:

"The carriage has stopped, what does it mean? Please, please look out and see. Tell the man to hurry—offer him anything. Oh, tell me the truth—have we lost that train?"

"We will get the 6:10 train, trust me." He opened the door, closed it after him, and went forward to the jam that delayed them in the middle of a block. By a word here, a tug there, a bribe hither, a shout of encouragement yon, and finally by his broad shoulder under an overweighted wheel, the way was cleared and he sprang into the cab and they were off again. So quietly did he readjust his hat and coat-collar, brush away the mud with his handkerchief and slip off his torn gloves, that his companion seemed not to notice it, nor even his heavy breathing beside her.

After two or three confused minutes at the station—where he bought two tickets that he might pass the gate—breathless, half faint with excitement, she was fairly pushed headlong by him up the steps of the ordinary passenger-train, already moving.

"Doctor Slidell hasn't come, after all, Mrs. Pollack, but he'll follow on the next train, so he telephoned. Good-by," cried Olmsted, clinging to the rail, still standing on the lowest step looking up at her above him on the platform. She turned swiftly with a sharp cry:

"You're not going? I—I thought—but it's all right—of course—good night—thank you." He was beside her in an instant and the train sped on.

"I had no right to assume it, Mr. Olmsted. Get off, if you can safely. You must not go; it will all be most uncomfortable for you." Her head was turned away from him, her voice was choked.

"Uncomfortable!" he scorned, opening the car door and lifting her bags from where they had been thrown. "I shall be in heaven, that's all"—adding hastily, "at the mere thought of being able in the slightest way to help you."

It was no time to obtrude his own emotions. He found an empty seat for her and did what he could for her comfort, and then, standing in the aisle, he stooped and said:

"I'll find another seat near by; I'll not go into another car."

"Oh, do not leave me! Why will you persist in leaving me alone? I—I have no one—no one." Her voice was scarcely recognizable in its unnerved distress.

He sat down beside her; and then behind her traveling-veil she gave way completely, crying softly with her head leaning against the window-frame.

For a moment he did not have himself well enough in hand to comfort her; he was afraid he would go too far if he once started. After the conductor had passed by, Olmsted got up and joined him at the end of the car, where they held a brief conversation, and a telegraph-blank was filled out and given to the brakeman. Rejoining Mrs. Pollack, he sat down again. She seemed more quiet; and presently she spoke, brokenly at first.

"Pardon me. It has unstrung me. I—I will be quiet now. It was that terrible delay under the elevated, I think. The reaction from it, from all the suddenness, the——"

"You do not have to explain anything to me, Mrs. Pollack; surely you must understand that. Be just yourself with me; you can pay me no higher honor."

"I have not thanked you, Mr. Olmsted—I cannot yet, properly. I am beginning slowly to recognize what you have done for me this afternoon. I dare say you also thought to tell the Gerlichs about dinner? Yes, I knew you had forgotten nothing. Somehow I never dreamed all this—this tact and energy was in you."

"Well, you see a man can't very well charge about among a lot of tables and teacups, now, can he—just to show off his muscle? And that's been our life—so far."

A number of stations later, a telegraph-boy dashed through the train crying out a name at first incomprehensible from his vernacular. Olmsted sprang to his feet and went toward him.

"Tel-er-gram furd 'Oc' Slid-dell! Tel-er-gram furd——"

"That's for me, boy—thank you," cried Olmsted, and taking the paper from the messenger, he tore open the

envelope and read the few lines within. With a new light in his face, he went back to the mother and handed the paper to her. She took it wonderingly, and then forgot all else but the more cheering news it contained from the president of her boy's college.

Wordlessly she held out her hand to her companion; he took it in his right hand and patted it with his left, saying heartily, "Good! Good!" and then he withdrew his hands gently, and he could not trust a curious impression he suddenly had that he need not have done so—but it was too late. The passive acceptance of a given situation is one thing, the aggressive creation of a new situation is an enormous ell filched from an inch. There are critical moments in the lives of all men, and most women, that they live to regret—sometimes the aggression, sometimes the passiveness.

In response to the good news in the telegram, which had acted upon her like a cordial, she talked frankly, freely, eagerly to him of her inward life, as she never had before. She did not look at him, but straight ahead, pouring out her soul in that hour of almost ecstatic relief from a mother's anguished fear.

Olmsted never had loved her as he did during those moments while they sat side by side speeding on through the night. It seemed to him as if they had hitherto been talking together with a translucent curtain of golden threads ever between them, now rent asunder at last; never—he felt sure—to be rehung.

When they reached their destination, he placed her in the waiting carriage, and they drove through the quiet streets to the dormitory within the college grounds.

At the door, a classmate of Barron Pollack's, obviously on watch, met them.

She asked no questions; the truth would soon be hers, whatever it was.

Olmsted drew back until she turned and held out her hand to him, and then he helped her up the stairs.

"You will not leave me yet?" she whispered again, in a tone that went to his heart.

"I shall not leave you," he repeated,

gently, and he never had a harder fight in his life than with the wish to take her then and there into his arms.

At a door above, a trained nurse, in white from head to foot, stood waiting, and together the two women went within.

Olmsted turned to the undergraduate at his elbow and asked briefly, as they went farther down the corridor and entered a door:

"Is it very bad—Barron's condition?"

"They don't talk much. I don't really know. Thanks be to Jupiter Optimus, she didn't ask any questions. At first it was supposed he was only temporarily knocked out. That's why they didn't wire the family. You see, it happened this way, Mr.—?"

"Olmsted. Old friend—known Barron since his early kidship and—all that."

"Mr. Olmsted. You see, Poll's our half-back, and probably the strongest runner and line-bucker on the gridiron. We fooled the other eleven by a fake kick, and Poll tore around the left end like a whirlwind. Only the enemy's full-back stood between him and a touchdown, but instead of giving that mucker the 'straight arm' (which Poll generally works to a finish)—"

"Yes, yes, but the boy himself, what happened to him?"

"I was coming to that," grieved the undergraduate, to whom the word "boy" was billingsgate. "He was caught by one foot, turned clean over in the air and smashed down on the back of his head. We looked to see him get up and he didn't—that's all. But he had the pigskin all right—trust old Poll for that! We carried him off the field, and then the whole team went rotten and we lost by the damndest fumble in the second half that I——"

"What's your name?" interposed Olmsted, peremptorily.

"Foley."

"Well, Mr. Foley, you will pardon me if I insist on sticking to the one point I'm interested in, that boy in there. He's badly hurt, that's sure. I've got to stay till something—something is decided. I left New York in a deuce of a hurry; I may have to stay all night. Now, where can I spend the night? Just

a chair—I shall not undress, of course. Is this room Barron's? And if so, may I stay here?"

Feeling assured that he had to do with a small soul sunk in the worship of his elderly creature comforts, Mr. Foley loftily explained that the very characteristic room they were in (spattered to the ceiling with memorabilia) he shared in common with young Pollack; that a third room adjoining was his own, and it was at Mr. Olmsted's disposal. Then, nodding stiffly, Foley left the room.

When left to himself, Olmsted could not sit still; he walked restlessly about, listening once or twice at the door indicated as Barron's. The loud, insistently cheerful tone of a man's voice bespoke the doctor making the best of one of several conditions. The same thing means such a number of different things when one reaches middle age, and deception is difficult of eyes and ears with memories.

The nurse caught him listening, and he started guiltily as she suddenly opened the door in his face. As she crossed the room, Olmsted asked:

"How is she—Mrs. Pollack—standing it?"

"As mothers do; like a soldier, you'd say—I say, like a woman," replied this sententious young person. She spoke again from the door, with her back turned:

"You will remain all night, I suppose? I should advise it. I'll return and make you more comfortable as soon as I get time. Helplessness is the very worst phase of human suffering, isn't it? Have you had any dinner?"

"No, but she ought to have something. Please make her eat something—don't forget."

"Mrs. Pollack asked where Mr. Olmsted was. I assumed she referred to you. Perhaps she will come in here later on."

She went out, returning with a tray in her arms.

"Mr. Olmsted, the doctor has given Mrs. Pollack something quieting. She can do nothing to help us. He wishes her to sleep and leave us free when Doctor Slidell arrives. If she comes in, do your best to keep her here, please."

In a few minutes Olmsted had finished his nondescript repast.

He missed his cigar and could not sit still. He went to Foley's room, to which he had been given the freedom, and freshened himself as best he could under very limited circumstances. When he returned, the nurse was taking the tray out of the room. His eyes begged news of her. She put down her burden and said:

"Mrs. Pollack is coming in." The woman hesitated a moment, then she lowered her voice and went toward him. "I realize even better than you do, Mr. Olmsted, the breach of professional etiquette I am committing, but I can trust you, I know. In my opinion, the physician in charge of young Mr. Pollack's case has made a mistake in his diagnosis, from the very first. I regret to say that in my opinion that boy in there is dying. It's the spine—paralysis has set in. The mother had best be told by her own physician—as long as she has been kept in ignorance so far—if such is Doctor Slidell's opinion, of course."

"Then it's the end?"

"I'm afraid so," she said, as she left the room.

Presently the handle of the door turned softly and Mrs. Pollack entered. Mr. Olmsted felt that he had never before seen the real woman.

All her afternoon finery was gone; she had on a pale-gray wrapper that her maid had thrown into her valise. Her hair was pushed back from her brow by nervous hands, her sensitive face was inexpressive and colorless, as might be that of a danseuse relieved of paint and smile, her part over for the night.

She went directly toward her friend, held out her hand and said:

"It was so good of you to stay. Underneath it all has been the comfort of your presence."

He led her to his own vacated chair, placed a footstool for her slippers and then stood behind her; not trusting his strength to meet her keen eyes, so long used to reading his face.

"I'm very tired," she said, presently,

as if excusing herself from the burden of his entertainment, to which she was so accustomed.

"Don't talk; just rest a little."

"They will not let me do anything! Mothers don't count nowadays—it's 'place aux nourrices' to-day! My mother used to care for me when I was ill and a little thing. Didn't your mother take care of you? Of course, I knew it! And didn't we both get well again under their loving hands? But to-day it's all so different!"

Her mother-jealousy of another woman's hands ministering to her boy brought a very tender smile to the face of her companion.

"Barron recognized me—he knows me, of course. Don't you know that way mouths—" She stopped and began again, all in a curious monotone: "I asked the nurse and she said, oh, yes, she thought he knew me. He would, naturally."

All the man's vocabulary of a lifetime was reduced to: "Of course"

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Olmsted. The doctor in there—I feel perfectly sure is exaggerating Barron's condition: I think—I think he knows who I am and—is making the most of this case. You know what I mean. Barron is only dazed by some shock—that's all."

She had been leaning forward staring at the empty fireplace; when he made no response, she suddenly sat erect, and cried sharply, turning to look at him:

"Why don't you answer me? Why don't you say, one way or the other, what you know or think? You are strangely indifferent!" The irritability induced by a resisted drug was upon her. He got a chair and sat beside her, yielding all, humoring her every whim, and his mere soothing voice comforted and quieted her.

She glanced at her watch held tightly in her hand.

"He's asleep; I promised to stay out of the room for half an hour. I wish Doctor Slidell would come!"

After a time she went on, speaking more and more slowly:

"It has all come back to me what

you've done for me to-day—to-day?—is it still to-day? Gratitude is one of the tertiary emotions; women, like children, develop it tardily, as my brother used to"—her own words startled her, she looked at him with shocked eyes, remembering happier hours, and then suddenly she threw her head down upon the cushioned arm of the chair and sobbed quietly for some moments. And Mr. Olmsted knew enough to be thankful for her tears. There was a slight rustle behind him, and he turned quickly to find the nurse with her finger on her lips; the other hand held a slip of paper, which she gave him, and then disappeared as noiselessly as she had come.

Olmsted glanced sidewise down at the paper, and crumpled it into his pocket. "The boy was not living when I arrived a few moments ago. Shall you or I tell her?—Slidell."

Looking down at the woman beside him, a strong conviction came to him that she had fallen asleep—the drug had taken sudden effect. Her whole body was relaxed and motionless; no sound had come from her for several minutes.

Was that his friend of the afternoon? Strong, sure of her own well-balanced powers, sure of life, of her own peace; beautiful, brilliant, poised every moment of her successful existence during all the long years that he had loved and sought her? That woman lying there alone, bereft, unconscious, helpless, stripped of all but her mere appealing womanliness? With a prayer in his heart, he crept from the room.

When Mrs. Pollack awoke, long after midnight, she found a world of agony waiting her. She sprang to her feet and faced her old doctor, who put his hands on her shoulders and told her as gently as one human being can another an inherently, hopelessly ungentle truth. And then it was that she found the fires of sensation were not yet burnt out within her. One or the other of the three walked with her as she flew up and down the room tramping out the night with her grief, as a woman is doing somewhere in the world every moment of every hour of every day of time.

Once, when doctor and nurse were



Drawn by
Alice Barber Stephens

AB STEPHENS

"And Mr. Olmsted knew enough to be thankful for her tears"

snatching an hour of necessary rest, and Olmsted was alone with her, she said:

"Ah, you were right! It is all here, a hundred fold deeper, stronger than in my youth. Life is not over, and I must go on without him—my blessed boy!" And then she stopped, and with a passionate gesture she implored her friend to take her home, and he and Doctor Slidell did so in the early morning.

It was in the spring, five months later, and although there was a fire in the grate, a window was open. It was Thursday afternoon after five o'clock, and Mr. Olmsted was talking to Mrs. Pollack. There was no tea-table; she was at home to no one else, as Toppin very well understood.

She wore a very simple black gown of soft transparent material, with white at the neck and wrists. She was thinner, paler, older, sadder—more than ever a woman to be wanted in one's life, her companion thought. He had brought her a canary-colored orchid, flecked by an intenser shade—a single flower as she liked it to be, the luxury of her life leading to a weeding out of mere empty duplication—and she held it in her lap.

Since the night of Barron's death, Olmsted had lost much of his former awe of Mrs. Pollack. He had been within the gates of her soul; so during all these months his words and manner no longer courted defeat by their very humility. All of which had brought about certain recrystallizations in her nature of which neither was aware.

There was a grimness about him that afternoon which she had sought to dissipate with all her numerous little social arts; but for once he made no response, no effort to meet her half-way; and after Toppin had brought in the evening paper, Olmsted said, abruptly:

"Mrs. Pollack, I'm going away. I came to-day really to say good-by—or rather au revoir, because of course I'll see you during the summer, some time. I suppose you're going to the lake, as usual? I'll hunt you up, if I may. I hope your nieces will accept your invitation; I do not like to think of you as all alone in that great house."

She made no answer, no movement of any kind, simply sat as if turned into stone, her eyes averted. He looked at her in surprise, half thinking she had not heard.

"I sail Saturday. I'm going to Spain and Portugal. I've never really seen either country properly."

"I am—it isn't it a little bit brutal telling me like this at the last moment?" she suddenly cried, facing him.

"A thing to be brutal must hurt, and I have ceased flattering myself that I can hurt you, Mrs. Pollack," he answered, with spirit. There was a long palpitating pause between them, during which the soft twitter of the birds in the garden at the side of the house came to them through the open window—all that sweet fanfare of courtship that has gone on since the beginning of things. It filled the silence that had fallen between two old friends, and bridged it.

"I'll tell you the truth!" he suddenly exclaimed, standing erect and looking fully at her. "I have done everything that we men always do to be rid of a great hopeless love such as mine is for you. Oh, we fight it, make sure of that—every man of us! I can't stand it, that's all! If I could endure it, I'd go on giving you my life to play with, if it brought you either pleasure or peace—but I can't. I—I, you understand—I can't stand it! I'm ravaged and worn to the bone—I'm done! Please just say good-by and good luck to me, and let me go—God knows what I'll say to you next!" He stood before her, holding out his hand.

"I do not want you to go. Oh, I do not want you to go!" was her cry, her head bowed over her clenched hands, the orchid crushed between them.

An hour later, she said, looking at him, the old mischief once more in her face:

"My brother used to say, the only thing in the world that gets its just dues is persistence."

"By the way, Alicia Pollack, will you show me 'The Pundit's' picture, now that I'm one of the family, so to speak? Come now, will you?" coaxed Olmsted, whose interest in Spain and contiguous countries had completely evaporated.

MY SUMMER OUTINGS IN LABRADOR

By MARTHA CRAIG

WHEN I am about to start on one of my expeditions into the primeval forests of Labrador, my friends say to me: "Don't go alone among those Indians. You will surely come to grief."

But these and similar wise objections go in at one ear and out at the other; for when the rivers are freed from their icy chains, and the forest puts on its summer dress, the innermost depths of my being respond to the call of the wilderness.

Why is this? Even the Indians ask me that question. I will answer it thus: Tell me where anything comes from, and I will tell you whither it is going. Things animate and inanimate move in circles. In their course they change their identity from time to time, but each change is only a step on the journey back. I go back to Nature because that is where I came from, that is where we all came from. We are all on the way back, but at different stages of the journey.

I go alone? Yes; why not? From frequent experiences I have never had occasion to be afraid of the Indians; not only has their conduct toward me been kind and polite, but they have proved themselves to be devoted and loyal friends. Instinctively, these children of Nature feel that I confer on them the

greatest honor that one human being can bestow upon another, namely, that of trust and confidence. Thus are bridged over effectually the differences of race and creed, and the imperishable qualities of the soul called forth.

Away beyond the cities and farmlands, beyond even the outer fringe of civilization, stretch the primeval forests of Labrador, eastward

till they meet the rolling waves of the Atlantic, westward and northward till they join the eternal snows. Into these solitudes I go with my Indian guides.

I can recall my first experience. I had walked about five miles inland along an ancient "forest street," doubtless torn out of the primeval in bygone days by



BRINGING THE DIARY UP TO DATE

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mrs. Craig is the only white woman who has explored Labrador, having followed the trail through that bleak land alone, guided only by natives. By the Indian chiefs of Labrador she was given the name of "Ye-Wa-Ga-No-Nee" and the title of princess.



MISS CRAIG IN GARB OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS

the mastodon. The sunshine filtering through the branches fell on my pathway like thin leaves of gold. The air was laden with the perfume of sweet fern and balsam. The myriad voices of nature swept down the forest vistas like a great orchestra.

I arrived at the first lake. My guides were already there. Chee-Chee had made a fire and was preparing luncheon. Wa-Bo-Gee was putting the baggage into the canoe. I sat down on a stone and watched them. When Wa-Bo-Gee had finished, he folded his arms and looked at me for a short time without speaking. Then he said:

"Have you no fear to journey with Indians alone into the great woods?"

Looking up at the impassive face, I answered: "No, Wa-Bo-Gee, I trust you. I would go anywhere with an Indian chieftain."

Slowly the muscles of the stoical face relaxed into a smile, and placing his hand on his heart, he said, "Then I am a gentleman."

What a pleasure it was to me to journey with those impassive Indians in a bark canoe over the placid lakes and up the rushing rivers that sweep majestic-

ally onward beneath the singing pine-trees, every stroke of the paddle taking us farther and farther from the din and bustle of life, and nearer to the heart of a restful solitude, where Nature, enthroned, offers the elixir of health to all who come to claim it.

When the sun sank near the tree-tops, Wa-Bo-Gee looked around for a camping-place, which was soon discovered in a natural clearing, with plenty of fallen logs for firewood. The canoe was pulled up and I put down to rest on a mossy carpet in the shadow of a great tree near the river. Chee-Chee made a fire, and Wa-Bo-Gee pitched the tents. I could smell the smoke as it drifted across the clearing and hear the crackling of the birch logs. Soon the sounds became fainter and fainter, my eyes closed and I dozed off, asleep. I was awakened by Wa-Bo-Gee, who announced that supper was ready.

When I fell asleep it was daylight, when I awoke it was night. The sudden transformation bewildered me. I looked around in amazement. The sun had gone down, darkness was over the face of nature. The crescent moon hung



A LITTLE SAVAGE OF THE WILDS

above the dark line of forest, the river reflected the sparkling stars. In the center of the clearing the white tents were illumined by the bright glow of the camp-fire, over which Chee-Chee was bending, busied in preparing a savory meal.

I took my seat on a log near the fire and did ample justice to the delicacies provided, then listened to the strange Indian lore which Wa-Bo-Gee delighted to recount. When Chee-Chee had piled the fire up with logs to last through the night, my guides retired and I remained alone.

My little tent of balloon silk was only a covering to protect me from the dew; my balsam couch made my slumbers refreshing, and the camp-fire with its glowing circle of light was my home. I have often seen the gleaming eyes of the wolves as they glared at me from the outer edge. They would sit and stare, then gape and move restlessly about; but they dared not enter the circle of light.

This radiant circle has been the home of historic and prehistoric man. After the day's hunt, our rude ancestors have gathered round the crackling logs. Savage men, women and children have become less savage beside its cheerful glow. The camp-fire has witnessed the first social gatherings of the human race. The ability to make fire was to the savage man a demonstration of his creative power, of his divinity. It raised him at once above all other created things and made him, though savage, a conscious lord of creation. And so in very truth I felt, thus sitting in the great Labrador wilderness.

One day after another unveiled new scenes of mystery and beauty, and I could not but contrast the simple existence of the few Indians who inhabit its vast stretches with that other existence in the crowded tenements of the great cities. On one occasion in



FISHING IN AN INLAND LAKE

particular the great difference was strikingly borne in upon me. I was standing on the summit of a mountain-range. A boulder-strewn, fire-swept plateau stretched northward till it met another range in the dim distance. I looked southward over mountain and forest, across the gleaming waves of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the blue mountains on the farther shore. My sight was limited by the horizon, but my imagination traveled onward to that great center of population where millions and millions of human beings live huddled and packed together in the most inhuman manner. The unknown Naskopic Indians and wild Labrador hunters in that wilderness have a glorious life compared with, oh, so many of those "civilized" millions.

For the benefit of any who may be disposed to make such trips as I have made, I would say; as one having experience, that the first thing to consider is, not what you want to take with you, but what you don't need. Make out a list of all the things you imagine you require, then look through it and cross out everything you can do without. After going through my list a number of times,



NA-PI-SHI, THE GUIDE

I found that the things I could not dispense with for my Labrador expedition were two balloon-silk A-tents, six by seven and one-half feet in size and weighing six pounds each; three pairs of woolen blankets, three india-rubber blankets; and wearing-apparel. Of the latter I had woolen underclothing and merino stockings; a very short skirt; some blue flannel blouses, and a sweater for cold days; a box-coat made of waterproof material, which could be used for warmth as well as rain; an india-rubber cloak, to slip over the head when paddling in the rain; a large sun-hat of stitched canvas which could lie rolled up without injury; a sou'wester lined with flannel; woolen waterproof gloves; one pair of long rubber boots; one pair of nailed boots, and one pair of caribou moccasins. To this list I added needles and cotton and a few toilet articles—all my personal belongings did not fill a mail-bag.

It is well to leave the matter of selecting camping-places to the Indians. There are two kinds of camp-fires—a camp-fire made to cook a meal on the march, and a camp-fire of a more permanent kind when a longer halt is to be made. The temporary fire is made by placing two logs parallel to each other about six or eight inches apart. In the space be-

tween them must be placed first of all anything that will burn easily and make a blaze—dry ferns, grass, moss, small withered branches, or, best of all, birch-bark. If time will not permit to cut pole and branches, a temporary fire can be made quickly between three tolerably large stones, the pot being supported by the stones.

In camping for the night, or for several days in one place, more attention must be paid to the fire. A hole is made in the ground, about five feet wide and a foot deep; stones are placed in the center of this hole, and on these stones the fire is built, in the usual way between logs.

In the way of provisions, I take plenty of bacon, which the Indians appreciate very much; flour and beans are necessities, but our provisions were largely supplemented by fish and game, as well as wild berries, of which there is a plentiful supply. I found that Indian meal was most sustaining, and would recommend it highly. I had a large supply of dried fruits and tea, which latter is especially refreshing after a long march.



A NATIVE TYPE



By EDWARD JOHN HART

IN days of summer softness, when the sea is a shimmering, listless plain and the winds breathe so gently in their sleep as scarce to wrinkle the cloud reflections, it is difficult to recall the hours of storm and stress when men at their bravest and Nature at her fiercest join in war together, and through breaking travail and unspeakable suffering fight and struggle in that battle in which—for the men—not to conquer is to die.

That any should follow a calling which never makes for comfort and involves the daily risk of life and limb, while there is a field to plow or a roof to thatch, may seem passing strange to some, but bravery never ceases to be attractive, and so those of us more especially who have experienced the charm of "the unbought brine" are drawn to these hardy, frugal and somewhat silent dwellers on the sea-rim, who pay down in blood and suffering for a section of the world's food-supply.

The news that comes to hand after a storm or a bout of tempestuous weather round about the coasts of Great Britain reads like the news of a battle—without

the glory. In a period of eight years no fewer than 2,129 men and boys belonging to the British fishing-fleets have lost their lives, 1,304 having gone through the foundering and total loss of their vessels, while 825 either fell or were washed overboard and drowned while in the act of "ferrying" fish.

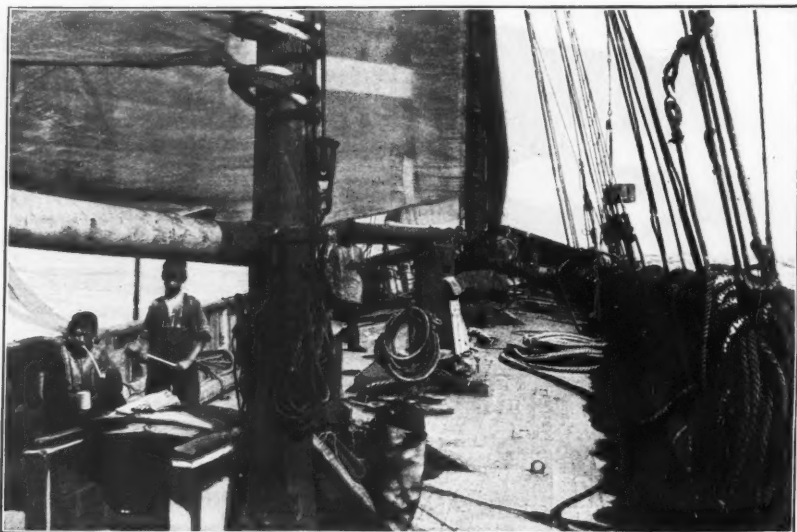
My attention was first drawn to the North Sea trawlers when one day I was lying in my deck-chair beneath double awnings in the sailless Flores Sea. My friend Jones the A. B. just happened to be painting the starboard railing when it came into my head to ask him what he thought of a sailor's life in general, and he considerably sacrificed duty to politeness by laying down his brush and mopping his brow in order to answer me with deliberation. He told me that his knowledge of a North Sea trawler resulted from the fact of his having been rescued by one, when serving as a deck-hand on board a steam tramp out of Hull and bound for Riga with a general cargo. She was a new steamer, well built and well found, and was lost simply through stress of weather—the

great seas that broke aboard having found their way below and put the fires out. But the amazing point of the whole yarn was, that the rescuing crew had their nets out and were engaged in their ordinary vocation at the time they sighted the sinking ship, and it seemed to me that men who indulged in trawling in weather sufficiently stormy to cause a full-powered steamer to founder, were men whose lives were worth knowing.

To supply the soles, plaice, turbot, cod, brill, halibut, ling, haddock, dabs, gurnet, conger-eels, whiting, red and gray mullet and other fish which are sent mainly to Billingsgate and Shadwell, and which through those distributing centers find their way to the British breakfast-tables, there are several large fleets permanently at sea all the year round, though individual smacks leave at the close of an eight weeks' cruise, and rejoin their fleets after spending an eight days' spell in harbor. These fleets, numbering from one hundred to one hundred and fifty sail of vessels, each manned by a crew of five or six men—the approximate number being five on boats out of Hull and six on those out of Yarmouth—are generally

engaged in trawling in the vicinity of the "Dogger," an extensive submarine bank, one hundred and seventy miles long by seventy broad, situated about sixty miles from the English coast. The smacks composing these fleets are too far away to run to port for shelter, and their only alternative to weathering the storms that sweep across the North Sea, is to founder. Each fleet of fishing-vessels is controlled by an admiral, and is attended by steam fish-carriers, one of which leaves every morning for London, Hull or Grimsby, with the product of the night's fishing.

The vessels are ketch-rigged, from sixty-five to ninety-five tons, and are owned and worked both by companies and by individuals. The crews receive small standing wages and a commission, and have no outfit, properly so called, anything serving for the smacksman's clothing so long as it is strong and warm. The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen supplies sea-boot stockings, steering-gloves, woolen mittens and comforters knitted by its contributors and sold at nominal prices not representing the cost of the wool. It also supplies sound tobacco and equally sound literature,



DECK SCENE ON A NORTH SEA TRAWLER

and from the same source the men receive free medical treatment.

The leading skipper in a fleet is known as the "admiral," and the entire fishing operations are carried on in obedience to signals from his ship, which can always be picked out by the flag he carries on the forestay. The admiral's duties are to select the ground over which the fleet shall fish, and to signal when the trawl is to be shot, and when hauled. His orders are issued in the daytime by means of a flag, and at night by rockets. Admirals are appointed by the owner or owners of the particular fleet which they direct, and are generally chosen on account of their knowledge of the fishing-ground and their smartness.

The vessels fish in fleets with a view to saving expenses. If each individual vessel were to carry its fish to market, there would be a great loss of time. London is, of course, the chief market, and as the vessels are sometimes fishing on the coast of Denmark, much more time would be occupied in making the trip out and home. Then ice would have to be provided to keep the fish good, and this item alone would lower the profits very considerably. By fishing in fleets, one vessel a day is sufficient to carry the fish to market, and the owners of the fleets provide steamers for the purpose.

The process of trawling is for the fishing-smacks to tow a large net astern. This net is attached to a trawl-beam. The length of the beam is about fifty to fifty-six feet, and it has at each end a heavy iron band which keeps the beam about three feet from the ground. This apparatus is dragged along the bottom, and putting it simply—trawling is really ground-fishing or dredging for fish. The cost of the net is about seven to ten pounds, but the most expensive



A SMACKSMAN OF THE DOGGER BANK

part of the gear is the warp, which costs about fifty to sixty pounds. The gear is raised to the surface by means of small steam-engines. In the old days—i. e., about twenty or twenty-five years ago—it was customary to heave the trawl by manual labor, which meant a terrible strain of a couple of hours at the capstan for the men so engaged, a task which is now accomplished by the engine in twenty minutes or half an hour.

A fleet of one hundred and fifty smacks will fish within an area of about ten miles, so that the necessity of all obeying the admiral's signal when to shoot and when to haul the trawl-net is manifest, as failing such discipline the smacks would be constantly in collision and fouling one another's gear. The smacks lay to to haul the net, and when trawling in a good fishing breeze sail only at a rate of from three to four knots an hour, for the fish lie close to the ground in twenty-six fathoms of water,

which necessitates the smack paying out some eighty fathoms of trawl-rope. The fishing is carried on generally at night, continuing all the year round, and when the trawling is good a hand often has to do, perforce, with two hours' sleep in the twenty-four.

Once having looked into the subject, I commenced to understand its fascinations, and bestirred myself to foregather with smacksmen and their pals, and listen to their yarns—relations calculated to make one sick and sorry and sympathetic.

I heard men constantly referring to "the old times," and was astonished to

in fifty-six days at sea alternating with eight on shore. During that brief shore-spell, what knowledge was he likely to acquire to enable him to beguile his infrequent leisure, or to counteract the influence of brutal associates and cruel usage—of ever-present danger, unmitigated hardship and unremitting toil?

For his pleasures he looked to the Dutch coper, a vessel about the same size as the smacks, which went out to and accompanied the fishing-fleets, and for many years proved the veritable curse of the North Sea. The business of the coper's skipper, who was rarely the owner though usually holding an



GROUP ON THE DECK OF A MISSION SMACK

find that those times were no longer ago than the years preceding 1881, for until that date, there or thereabouts, the deep-sea fisher was uncared for by mission, board of trade or philanthropist. In those days the North Sea smacksmen were in a condition of savagery easy to imagine but impossible to describe, and their understanding of even the primary morals and manners was absolutely nil.

He first engaged in his calling, a mere boy, as cook or apprentice; and thence onward for the rest of his life, unless he chanced to get maimed and incapacitated for work, his existence was summed up

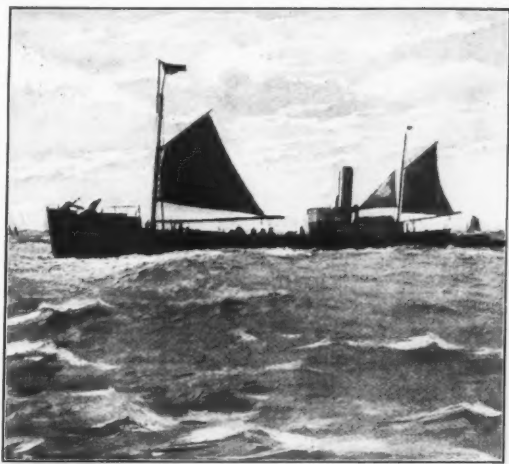
interest in the venture, was not only to supply the men with inferior tobacco at exorbitant rates, but to induce them to drink his cargo of vile aniseed-brandy and fiery Schiedam, too often "doctored," and to purchase the indecent publications of which he had a plentiful store.

The scene that took place on the coper's deck and on the smacks in her vicinity at times beggared description. I heard stories—of a boy being in sole charge of a smack in a fresh breeze off Flambro Head and being compelled to remain at his post for twenty-eight hours at a stretch, the rest of the crew, after a

visit to a coper from which they returned with the material for an orgy, being too drunk to relieve him. Of men selling the trawling- and sailing-gear and the fish, all belonging to their owner, after they had squandered their own hard-gotten earnings on the drink that never satisfied their craving. Of men who sprang overboard in the delirium of intoxication and drowned before the eyes of their comrades, who were incapable of rendering assistance. Of bloody fights on the coper's deck, when some dispute or practical joke let loose the madness of the drunken crew and the knife was drawn and used only too effectually. In particular, I remember one horrible yarn of a number of intoxicated men who, trying to arouse a yet more drunken comrade and failing to do so, at last grew irritated, and saturating his clothes with turpentine (possibly without any thought of murder in their minds), applied a match to him, with the result that the man was burnt to death, and the smack, taking fire, was with difficulty saved from destruction.

Though the copers were most commonly Dutch, they were also found under the Danish, German, French or Belgian flag, and to such lengths was the traffic carried, that an international agreement was entered into by England, France and other powers bordering the North Sea, for its ultimate suppression.

By a consensus of testimony, the morale of the fishermen has immensely improved since the year 1881. Prior to that date no organized effort had ever been made to help the toilers of the North Sea, and while not underrating the public interest inaugurated by the Fisheries Exhibition or the supervision of the Board of Trade, it may safely be said that the chief reformatory influence has been supplied by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen—the noblest and most practical missionary enterprise of which I have cognizance.



STEAMER CARRYING FISH FROM THE FLEET TO PORT

The Mission embraces temperance principles and supplies the men with useful articles, for, with that practical common sense that distinguishes all its work, it at once grasped the truth that in order to reach men's souls it is necessary to attend to their bodily welfare. Another instance of wisdom is to be found in the fact that the Mission vessels fish alongside the trawlers and are managed in much the same manner, taking the same voyage—eight weeks at sea and one in port—doing the same work, leading the same life and combating the same difficulties.

The fish caught by the boats of the Mission is sold to add to its support, but its main revenue is derived from the voluntary contributions of subscribers. The expenses are very heavy, for the sphere of labor extends to British North America, and on the North Sea the Mission maintains seven smacks, each of which combines a church, temperance-hall, library and club for the fishers; and three fully equipped hospital-vessels.

Accidents are constantly occurring in the fleets, and in the old days, if a man broke a limb, a handkerchief was roughly tied round it and he had to wait for more skilled attendance until the smack's shore-spell came around, as the idea of leaving the fishing-ground for one man,

or even two, was never for a moment entertained; with the usual result that the man was crippled for life. The worst of this class of cases are those who get their fingers nipped between boats' gunwales whilst 'boarding.' The ends of the fingers are burst like ripe plums and the pain is intense; but the unfortunate fisherman is expected to do his work the same as ever; the salt spray soon gets into them and the pain can be imagined; or a man poisons his fingers and the bony skin permits of but slow and painful distension."

Persons anxious to investigate the conditions of life obtaining in the fishing-fleets occasionally pay one visit to the Dogger Bank and take one trip in a trawler, but they seldom take more than one. The vessels are necessarily very dirty; the fare is of the roughest; the smell of fish is everywhere, and everything one touches is covered with fish-scales. The fetid atmosphere of the cabin is such as to make the fore-castle of a coasting-brig a sweet resting-place by comparison.

Mariners accustomed to coasting and deep-sea ships occasionally drift into the trawling-fleets, but they very soon drift out of them again, as they find it impossible to stand the strain of the constant work and its attendant hardships. On the other hand, smacksmen make splendid sailors—except, perhaps, in the one respect of handling square-rigged ships, in which they have had no practice. Several yachtsmen have been glad to recruit crews from their ranks.

A harder-bitten gang than the North Sea trawlers of fifteen or twenty years ago—or than the fishermen hailing from Lowestoff in the present day, for that matter—it would be difficult to find. Inured to the greatest hardships from

their childhood, living in an atmosphere of constant risk, exposed to the most inclement seasons of some of the stormiest waters in the world, they habitually exhibited a contempt of danger that nearly approached the sublime. "Ah, we were men in those days, sir," said an old smacksmen with whom I was conversing. "Men every inch of us, though you may lay to it the life was dooms hard. Why, each time we boarded fish, as soon as the boats got 'longside, each mother's son of us looked out for a man to go for—else he'd go for you—and there'd be a rough-and-tumble fight on the carrier's deck every morning as sure as the sun rose. Then, when we went in for independent fishing, the master of every smack had to know as much as the admiral knows now. He had to be able to judge for himself, by the samples of the sea-bottom we got up with the lead, which side of the Bank we were on; when to shoot and when to heave the trawl, and whether it was safe or no to board fish—in fact, all that's now left in the hands of one man since the company racket started."

There are said to be men who revile the introduction of steam; who regret that the custom of flogging and other forms of torture once universally practised at sea have now been abolished; and to this class my grumbling old friend doubtless belonged.

But to the majority of persons, who recognize that the valuable qualities of endurance and pluck have not appreciably deteriorated with the amelioration of the smacksmen's lot, the introduction of better system, softer manners and greater comfort into the work and lives of the fishers of the Dogger Bank can be viewed with naught but satisfaction.



RIP'S LAST SLEEP

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

I

THE purple shadows lie along
The Catskills, as they did of old ;
The robin sings his even-song ;
The sky is rimmed with red and gold ;
Past shining lake and somber hill
The silent-footed twilight creeps ;
The stars light one by one—and still
Old Rip Van Winkle sleeps.

II

It is no slumber of
pretense
That wraps the wan-
dering idler now ;
No wonder-whisper-
ing audience
Waits on to see the
silvered brow
And tottering form
and vacant stare
When, with the
dawning of the
day,
The spell dissolved,
old Rip shall
rise
And take his home-
ward way.



*The Late Joseph Jefferson as
Rip Van Winkle*

III

Not one is left to jeer
and flout,
Among the chatter-
ing village folk,
And greet his looks
of fear and doubt
With many a jest
and clumsy joke.
No friends, grown
gray with time
and trial,
No children,
changed to wrin-
kled men,
Will tap their heads
and slyly smile
When he halts
home again.

IV

For while he sleeps the stars will fade,
The earth will molder and decay,
And all the things that men have made
Will pass in crumbling dust away.
And when he wakes—ah ! would we knew
Before that far-off morning breaks,
If kindlier friends he'll journey to
When Rip Van Winkle wakes !



A GENERAL
STATEMENT

"I wonder why it is," said Dimpleton, "that the things we pride ourselves most upon are those we are most deficient in."

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Dimpleton, "that it is so."

Dimpleton looked at his wife convincingly, and continued.

"For example," he said, "you've got the idea that you are not extravagant. You glory in the fact that you can manage accounts. But, in reality—actually—you don't know anything about it."

Mrs. Dimpleton flushed.

"It is possible," she said, quietly, "that there may be something in that."

"Why, it's a positive fact," replied Dimpleton. "Just think it over calmly and dispassionately and you'll see. For example, you are perfectly satisfied with the thought that socially you are all

right. In reality, if you could know what other people thought, you wouldn't be in it. Then, you think you are a good bridge-player. On the contrary, you wouldn't make one in a thousand years."

Mrs. Dimpleton smiled.

"Do you know, my dear," she said, calmly, "I don't know but you are right, now that I come to think of it. Take yourself, for instance. Some tailor once told you that you had a remarkably deep, strong chest, and you've been priding yourself on it ever since, whereas in reality your chest is remarkably thin."

Dimpleton unconsciously straightened in his chair.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I didn't say that it was personal, did I? It only applies in general. As a matter of fact, I have a good chest."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimpleton. "That only proves what you were just saying. You see, my dear, that the

more obstinately you cling to your idea, the more true your observation is. The idea that you have a good chest is positively ridiculous to even the most casual observer, and yet you cling to it, of course, and you will always cling to it."

Dimpleton got up full of rage and resentment.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed, "if that isn't just like a woman! You couldn't help it, could you? Here I make an observation which, if you had ordinary human intelligence, you'd see was intended only in a broad, general way, and you just had to make a personal matter of it."

And blowing himself up as much as he could, he passed indignantly out of the room.

TOM MASSON

* * *

EX-AMBASSADOR
CHOATE

It hardly is probable that his native country has a higher public honor in store for Joseph H. Choate than it already has conferred upon him. Mr. Choate is seventy-three years old. It will remain, therefore, that the most striking distinction given at the close of his active and brilliant career is that which he received at the hands of the benchers of the Middle Temple, London.

The four English Inns of Court—the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn—with their long and distinguished history, their veteran buildings and gardens, their etiquette stiffened by ages of custom and precedent, have an interest for Americans scarcely less than for Englishmen. These bodies were the nurseries and home of the common law underlying and sustaining the principles and liberty common to both countries. They are properly jealous of their privileges, and Mr. Choate is the first native-born American ever to have been received into their membership.

Mr. Choate has just announced that he does not intend to return to the practice of the law now that he is again in the United States. Filled, as he is, with the humanities of art and literature, it is not difficult to forecast the scope which his activities likely will assume.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK
AS A LABOR LEADER

Women of wealth who take an interest in political and social problems are not rare in England, but to the Countess of Warwick belongs the distinction of being a little in advance of any of her titled sisters. She has just completed a tour in a motor-car through constituencies where Labor candidates were up for election, and addressed large meetings in the interest of the Labor party. At a recent gathering in Memorial Hall,



JOSEPH H. CHOATE
Retiring Ambassador to Great Britain who has been made a bencher of the Middle Temple



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK ADDRESSING A MEETING OF SOCIALISTS IN LONDON

London, she spoke to Social Democrats in protest against the refusal of the English government to provide for underfed children in the schools.

The countess is interested in many philanthropic and benevolent institutions and movements. The Lady Warwick College, in Warwickshire, is the outcome of a magazine article written by her in 1898. The Lady Warwick Agricultural Association for Women also owes its origin to her, as does the founding of the "Women's Agricultural Times," the movement's mouthpiece. Bigrd's Hall, Dunmow, intended to elevate the status of farmers' sons and daughters, was established largely through her efforts. Two needlework institutions owe their existence to Lady Warwick, and she is the foundress and president of the District Nursing Association of Dunmow, and presides over a similar institution at Warwick.

* * *

**THE DUKE OF ORLEANS
AS AN EXPLORER**

Duke Louis Philippe Robert of Orleans, head of the Bourbon-Orleans house and pretender to the non-existing French throne, twice exiled from France and for most of his life a resident in England, has attracted recent attention by his organization of a scientific polar

expedition. The ship in which the duke is about to sail from Bergen, Norway, is the "Belgica," which was used by the recent antarctic expedition under M. de Gerlache. It is the ambition of the duke to surpass the record of 86.33 degrees north latitude reached by the members of the expedition headed by the Duke of Abruzzi, a near relative of the Duke of Orleans.

The preparations for the voyage have been in progress for almost two years. An offer to purchase the "Fram"—



THE DUKE OF ORLEANS

Nansen's famous ship—was declined by the Norwegian government, who regard it as a national memento. The "Belgica," however, proved on examination to be in every way satisfactory. During the past few months the vessel has been given a thorough overhauling by a firm of London gun-makers.

In addition to independent exploration, the Duke of Orleans expects to assist the expedition which started from Bergen in May to relieve the explorers on board the "America," who were sent out by William Ziegler, of New York, headed by Anthony Fiala, of the same city.



"The ceremonies"

rooms might be more comfortable to sit in. I will see if it is in order."

She was longer gone than he expected. But finally she returned.

"Come," she said.

The room she ushered him into was smaller than the front reception-room.

They were alone.

"Let us sit here, dear," she said.

She motioned him to a chair.

He thought her voice a trifle louder than usual—doubtless due to the importance of what they were saying.

"Now, dear," she said, "please tell me over again just why you ob-

ject to talking with papa."

"Oh, it is plain," he replied. "Do you not understand? He is one of the richest men in town. I am doing well enough, for a man who is earning his own living. But if I should go to him

HOW SHE MANAGED IT

As he walked up the steps of the marble palace of the girl he loved, he marveled greatly to himself why she had sent for him to come at that hour of the day—11:30 in the morning.

She did not keep him waiting long. After the ceremonies which are customary between two persons who cannot get along without each other were completed, she said, with an air of anxiety:

"You have not seen papa yet?"

"No."

"Do you still feel as you did?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then, I should like to go over it once more with you."

She turned as if in thought.

"Will you excuse me a moment, dear?"

she said. "I think one of the back



"For papa"

and tell him that I loved you and wanted to marry you and didn't care about your money and simply wouldn't accept a cent from him, he wouldn't believe it."

"Why not?"

"Simply because there is no reason why he should. The fact of my approaching him on the subject, would be evidence enough in itself to prejudice him against me. If I ask him for your hand, he will think I want his money, or some of it, to go with you. And if I

tell him I don't, he won't believe me."

"I think," she said, slowly, "that papa would consent on the spot if he could only hear you say that, don't you? Let me tell you a story. The other day I gave a luncheon-party to some girl friends. One of them had to leave early and go home. After she left, the rest of the girls and myself came in here to laugh and talk and have a good time. But the one who left us wasn't quite satisfied, so after she got home, she joined us once more."

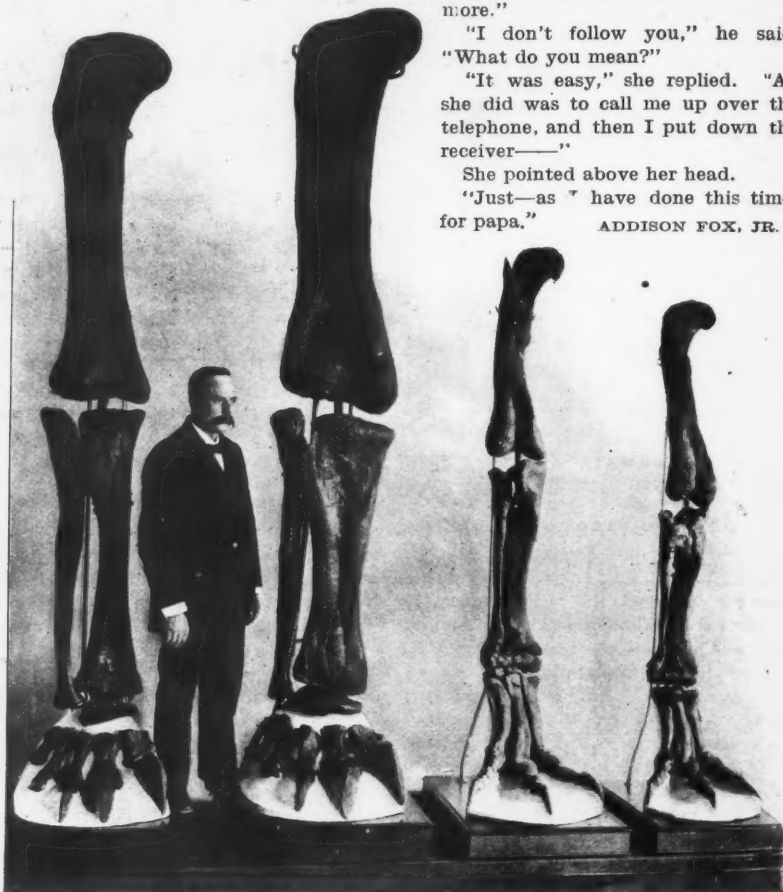
"I don't follow you," he said. "What do you mean?"

"It was easy," she replied. "All she did was to call me up over the telephone, and then I put down the receiver——"

She pointed above her head.

"Just—as I have done this time for papa."

ADDISON FOX, JR.



SKELETON LEGS IN THE NEW DINOSAUR HALL, MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

On the left is the skeleton hind leg of the Diplodocus, or Amphicoelias, nine and a half feet high; next toward the right, the hind leg of the great Brontosaurus, ten feet in height; the remaining two are hind legs of the carnivorous dinosaur Allosaurus, seven feet three inches and six feet six inches high. The man in the photograph gives a graphic idea of the magnitude of the relics

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